

# Hearthstone

Magazine for the Christian Home

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December 1951



# The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

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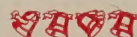
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## Fireside Chat . . .

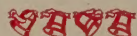
*Hearthstone* wishes for all its readers a season of the deepest joy that Christmas can bring. Its pages this month offer a number of articles which will help to increase appreciation for this beloved family festival and provide suggestions for its better observance.



Elisabeth (Biser) Jay, who wrote our first article "What Your Child Knows About Christmas," is a former assistant children's editor of the Christian Board of Publication. She is married and the mother of a little girl.



Do you worry about the day when your daughter or son will be old enough to drive the family car? W. H. Thompson's "Open Letter to My Son" gives his approach to the problem which may be helpful to you. He is a Baptist layman in Hartford, Connecticut.



Miss Zabco-Potapowicz, author of "Christmas in the Ukraine," her native land, is a former staff member of the editorial department of the American Baptist Publication Society and is now a student at Bryn Mawr College.

## Next Month

*Hearthstone* begins a new series of twelve articles to run throughout 1952. The series will present portraits of family life on the mission fields that are served by the American Baptists and the Disciples of Christ. For the first six months the mission fields related to Latin America will be treated in concurrence with the regular studies in missionary education.

## Picture Credits

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**Correction:** The cover picture for October was made by Samuel Myslis and was mistakenly credited to another photographer.



# *a word from* **THE WORD**

*a child is born . . .*

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined. Thou hast multiplied the nation, thou hast increased their joy: they joy before thee according to the joy in harvest, as men rejoice when they divide the spoil. For the yoke of his burden, and the staff of his shoulder, the rod of his oppressor, thou hast broken as in the day of Midian. For all the armor of the armed man in the tumult, and the garments rolled in blood, shall be for burning, for fuel of fire. For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and of peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to establish it, and to uphold it with justice and with righteousness from henceforth even for ever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this.

—Isaiah 9:2-7





# what your child knows about CHRISTMAS

A CHRISTIAN looking at the gaudy Christmas displays of the main street of his town was heard to remark sadly, "Christ, Incorporated." He would have been equally dismayed to hear the conversations about Christmas on the public school playgrounds, for undoubtedly most of the children would be discussing the welcome vacation from school and "what I'm going to get."

In spite of the commercialization from which we cannot completely escape, thousands of children in our country do know the real meaning of Christmas. These are the children who are growing up with the graded lessons in our church schools. From the time he enters the nursery class until he is ready for junior high, the child who attends our church school hears the Christmas story each year, always presented on his level of understanding so that there is a developing idea of the meaning of Christmas.

The three-year-old first hears about Jesus as a kind adult friend who loved children when his teacher tells the story, "The Children Who Went to See Jesus." If he is fortunate enough to have concerned parents, he hears the story again at home, read or told from the picture leaflet "Home Guidance in Religion" (Fall Quarter, Number 9). Now he is ready to learn the basic fact about Christmas, that it is the birthday of Jesus, the friend of children. The very next week he hears the story, "When Jesus Was a Baby," and all the activities of the nursery class help to make it meaningful for him.

During the next few weeks the nursery class is

usually a busy place as the children learn another important fact about Christmas, that it is a time of giving. They plan surprises for other people, hear stories, sing songs, and see pictures which encourage them to participate in this important part of Christmas. (See "Home Guidance in Religion," Fall Quarter, Number 11.) They hear the story of the three Wise Men who brought gifts to Jesus so long ago, and are thus reminded again of the one whose birthday is being celebrated. (Leaflet No. 12.) The idea of sharing is carried on after Christmas as the children bring toys to the nursery class, so that even the very small child senses that the unselfish spirit of Christmas can go on throughout the year.

In the kindergarten class for children four and five years old, the First Year unit of study is called "Christmas Time Is Here." The threefold purpose of the five sessions is to help the children recall that Christmas is the birthday of Jesus, to plan ways of sharing with others, and to help the children have simple worship experiences related to Christmas.

During the first session, the children are reminded of Jesus the adult friend who went about helping people and teaching them about a loving God. They hear the story, "When Jesus Went About Doing Good," and are encouraged to recall other stories they have heard about Jesus. Thus when Christmas plans are discussed later in the session, the baby in the manger has more meaning for the children.

(Continued on page 42.)





by ELIZABETH JAY

*We want our children to understand the  
real meaning of Christmas and to carry that  
unselfish spirit into every phase of life*





## Open Letter to

**D**EAR ALLEN,

You are sixteen today. You are a big six-foot-two young man with the strength and coordination that has come from an active outdoor life since you were old enough to walk. You have been swimming since you were four. I hope that next year you may be able to make your letter in football and, possibly, in other major sports. I know that if I were a football coach and saw you coming out for practice in the fall, I would sort of rub my hands

together and say to myself: "Things are looking up."

We are really proud of the fact that you are singing in five different musical organizations and are playing a competent baritone in your high school band. Of course, when report cards come around to upset the domestic tranquility, your parents are apt to go off into a corner and try to think to which of your many ancestors you might be a throwback. Oh well, one can't have everything. In personality you are very much a rugged individualist and that is good, in spite of everything that has been said during your lifetime by those in high places about such a gravely reprehensible attitude. We feel that you can get wherever you decide you want to go whenever you decide what that destination is to be. So far, as far as your parents are concerned, the record is all to the good. We hope that it will always be so.

You are sixteen today. If you were to look into the mirror, you would not see any appreciable difference between what you were yesterday and what you are today. But a very great change has taken place because, today, the state in which you live has ordained by law that you are now old enough to drive the family car or any other car that might be entrusted to your care. You will now be taught to drive and we, your parents, will start to worry every time you are out with the car without one of us to act as a speed regulator in place of the one that the en-



# My Son

gine doesn't have. How much back seat driving we do will depend pretty much on you.

You know, of course, that you will be required to pass an oral examination on state motor vehicle laws as well as the driving test itself. Your first step will be to contact the Motor Vehicles Department of your state and get and master the printed material containing these laws. When you have done this, come to me and the driving lessons will begin.

When you have taken your tests and the state has been satisfied that you are a competent driver, you will be issued a license to drive. It is just what it implies and nothing more. It identifies you as a person competent to do that one thing well. It is not a license to endanger the lives of other drivers, the occupants of your own car and pedestrians. You will have to remember that I may exercise the right, even ahead of the state, to deprive you of the use of the car if I feel that you are not being as careful and considerate as I myself would expect to be when I am at the wheel. Your license must be renewed every year and it may be taken from you by the proper authorities if your competency ever becomes questionable. It must be carried with you whenever you are driving and made available to any officer of the law upon demand. I think that I have had to show mine four times to date and

W. H. Thompson





once I was very much embarrassed by not having it with me at the time. It happened to be at a time when the police were looking for an escaped murderer. Remind me to tell you about it at some later time.

You, as driver, and I, as parent and owner of the car, have certain definite responsibilities to each other and to society. It is my responsibility to see that the car you drive is maintained in a safe driving condition. I expect to see that engine, chassis, lights, brakes, horn, and tires are in first-class operating condition at all times. I must protect the family fortunes and society in general by seeing that adequate insurance coverage is in force at all times. The fact that you are to be driving the car will increase the insurance costs at about thirty per cent. You might consider the possibility of financing this additional cost as your payment for the privilege of driving the car. That need only be noted now. We can arrive at some arrangement later on. I feel also that when you get to using the car on your own and have some source of income other than your allowance, that you might consider taking care of the oil and gas items for your own driving. That doesn't seem too unreasonable, does it?

WHEN THE family car is in your care you will be expected to remember that it represents a rather good-sized investment of family funds. I suppose that the average postwar car on the road today has a value of fifteen hundred dollars. This, in terms of working hours, represents five hundred hours of teaching time for me or fifteen hundred hours of nursing for your mother. Loss of the car by theft or serious damage by accident would mean that the family would be without a car until the additional hours of labor by your parents could provide the wherewithal for its replacement. I am sure that you would never think of leaving fifteen hundred dollars, if you had it, anchored to the curb with a stone to keep it from blowing away and expect to find it when you returned. To me, it would seem just as silly to leave the car parked in the same place with the keys in the ignition and the doors unlocked. An unprotected car is a temptation. You should remember if the car is stolen and is involved in an accident, that a court ruling would have to consider the question of negligence on the part of the owner or the operator. Each accident in which a given car is involved can increase the difficulty in obtaining insurance thereafter and any company may refuse insurance if it thinks the risk is too great. Respect the car as a piece of property as well as for the potential harm that it is capable of doing if it is not carefully driven. Better sit down with me sometime and we will read over the policy together. You must know what to do, just in case.

It is your responsibility to remember at all times that you are the ambassador of your family when you are away from home and, particularly, when you are driving the family car. Your responsibility at that time becomes even greater. You have known of many cases among your acquaintances where the matter of ambassadorship has been forgotten, sometimes with tragic results. If you are driving with other

## The Journey

The trek from Egypt back to Galilee,  
though born of fear, became a memory  
to Mary, filled with joy. She held the child  
secure and close, and did not dread the wild  
and dangerous road. But, with each breath,  
each plodding step, they came to Nazareth.  
And here they settled down to family life,  
where she was mother, housekeeper, and wife.  
How, during those few days on the humble beast,  
her blessedness had day by day increased!  
Dangers had passed, great labours must be done,  
but those few happy hours were Mary's own.

ALICE M. HOWARD

people in the car, your responsibility becomes even greater. What I call survival driving, in this age, is a fulltime job no matter how great your skill and coordination. It is something that cannot be shared with companions and certainly not with alcohol. I have never worried too much about what might happen because of my own driving, but I do say a daily prayer that my reaction timing will always be such that I can avoid the poor driving of other people on the road.

This matter of reaction timing brings up the question of speed. I have noticed a disposition on your part, of late, to be somewhat annoyed by my conservativeness in this respect. I can't help remembering whenever I drive, a very brief and very pertinent statement that the late great Negro comedian, Bert Williams, made famous years ago. It is this: "Death is so permanent." You and I have driven a great many thousand miles without ever having seen an accident take place. I wonder whether the sight of a bad accident would have much of a deterrent effect. Capital punishment hasn't eliminated murder as a crime against society. Our chief failure as human beings seems to be that we can't learn too much from the experience of others, and not too much, sometimes, even from our own. At your age and with your disposition, maybe I had better just hope for the best.

The damage that a car can do depends to a certain extent on its weight but very much more on the speed at which it is being driven. If you increase your speed from thirty to sixty miles per hour, it will take four times more effort to stop and it will do four times as much damage if it is not stopped in time. In bringing any car to a stop you have to think to stop

(Continued on page 38.)



*preparations for*

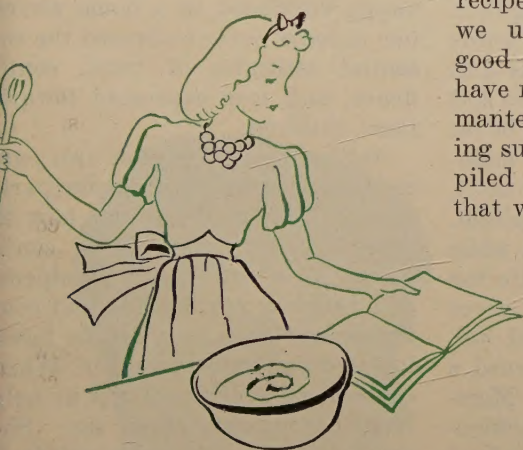
# CHRISTMAS

by CHRISTIE MONSON

CHRISTMAS IS over again. The tree has been carried outdoors, maybe a few needles are still under the rug. With the memories of the happy family observance fresh in our minds we prepare for the next. The ornaments are packed in marked boxes and tied securely to protect them from mice and dust; the wrappings are trimmed, pressed, folded, and put

Leftover candles go together, ready to be melted and remade the next season. We liked the big fat ones we made in empty cans and those made in gelatin molds to float in a bowl of water.

We cull the December issues of all magazines. In some cases the whole copy, more often a few pages are selected to file with those of former years. As the scrapbooks grow in number we mark by each recipe or idea the year in which we used it. Besides furnishing good ideas for ourselves, friends have referred to them for ideas for mantel decorations or gift and baking suggestions. One year we compiled a gift book of special recipes that were our favorites.



away with leftover seals and boxes; the basket of cards is sorted a last time, and those with pictures go into the snapshot album. Some of the original ones go into the special scrapbook of ideas for Christmas cards, gifts, decorations, and recipes. A few cards will be put apart to be used in making other cards, calendars, or booklets. Those we won't need the kindergarten teacher will be glad to receive.



Early each year we plan gifts to be made for public, piano, and Sunday school teachers, as well as classmates, friends, and grandparents. We believe a gift that is made by the giver means more to the one who receives it as well as to the one who has spent time and thought creating something. Here are some we have used with satisfaction:

1. Mother hemmed hankies by hand, daughter stencil painted them. Another year the hankies had tatted and crocheted edgings. Tiny sachet bags made from silk scraps, with ribbon loops to fasten on clothes hangers, were included.

The envelopes for the hankies were made from green construction paper and the message written in red ink, or red pencil.

*(Continued on page 44.)*



# Religion is more than

**W**HEN THE Christian religion vitally affects family relationships our homes go beyond any mere formal expressions of worship. To be sure, family worship can be one of the highest expressions of life in a home; but there are other aspects of family living which are fundamental to the Christian home. There are the everyday relationships, the governing attitudes which spell out quite plainly that family religion is more than worship. This is certainly true if by worship we mean prayer and praise held by the family group at stated times.

Actually, however, when persons so value and love each other that they carry into their daily round of home duties and home enjoyment those attitudes that spring from Christlike character, then they have succeeded in lifting the routine of life into the realm of worship. What must parents and children do if they are to make cooking and conversation, house cleaning, use of money, self-development, and family well-being, and all other phases of family endeavor at least approximate the high and holy attitude of worshipping God?

First, we may look at some mistakes which parents must avoid making. Mrs. X complains that her two daughters spend too much money. They have generous allowances, but neither girl makes a genuine effort to keep within her allowance. But if it's not Dad then it is Mother who never fails to make up the deficit which the daughters regularly incur. Mrs. X is also much disturbed because

the older daughter cannot be trusted to come home from dates at a respectable hour. And, to make matters worse, the girls leave all the housework to their mother. Accordingly, Mother finds her work excessively hard. Picking up clothes scattered over a big house by two adolescent girls has seldom been found to be a simple task, particularly when the mother is both fatigued and fretful.

Mrs. X frets because her girls impose on her and because her husband refuses to help her make the girls change their habits. Needless to say, there is more bickering than happiness in this home. The words that pour through its rooms and halls and spill out its windows and doors are not words that can be set to music (unless you want to maintain that alley cats make music).

This family is in an awful plight. The older daughter has said, while sobbing aloud, that all her life has been unhappy, for she has never felt that her parents trusted her. She has lied, stolen, and earned a bad reputation in her town. Moreover, she makes herself objectionable to boys because she is too loud and too eager for their attention and affection. To solace herself she has for years overeaten, indulging her body for so long that it has pulled her into deeper misery: her excess weight causes suitable boys to shy from her in what might be called an extremely big way.

What's wrong with this family? Why can't the parents and children talk things out and correct their long history of resentment and bitterness toward each other? The X family is a church family.

They at least go to church and if there has never been any worship in the home surely there has been some in the church. They do care for each other. Some might say that the feeling they have for each other is love. But if it is, it is love of a pitifully poor grade. Assuredly it is not Christian love. Who is to blame, the girls or their parents? Both; but primarily the fault lies with the parents. The mother is greatly at fault; yet she is not to be condemned because, as in many similar situations, this mother is the victim of her own unhappy childhood in a home where her parents never embraced the essential attitudes of trust, confidence, and love expressed toward their children.

Neither Mrs. X nor her own parents have known how to make partners of their children, nor how to take them into the sort of confidence in which family problems and personal perplexities and confusion and deep hurt can be faced together and solved together. When she was a child Mrs. X got no help from her parents about sex. She was left to stumble alone and fearfully in the dark about this major part of human experience. She suspected that her parents did not trust her to conduct herself morally. She associated sex with guilt, and this left her afraid to become a mother.

Unconsciously she resented her own babies. And then, to make up for further guilt feelings stemming from her rejection of her children, she began to be indulgent with them. She did not teach them to help with the housework. She gave



# orship

by WESNER FALLAW

*What must parents and children do if  
they are to make cooking and conver-  
sation, use of money and family well-  
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high and holy attitude of worshiping God*





them too much money. They never learned to comply with her wishes. They exploited their father and always succeeded in getting anything out of him that their fancies and whims demanded. They are spoiled, immature, selfish, and thoroughly unfit to assume the responsible roles of homemakers and mothers. Thus the chain of sorry relations is being preserved, unbroken, and at least two other future homes are slated for friction, unloveliness, and likely dissolution. This is heartbreaking. And this kind of situation is all too common among families which have some connection, however tenuous, with the Christian church.

More briefly, let us look at a second would-be Christian family. The tensions and failure of the K family to enjoy harmony must be charged mainly to Mr. K's mother. She was a hard-working church-woman who could always be counted on to run a church supper, or spark the drive for securing foreign missionary funds. Furthermore, Mr. K recalls vividly that when he was a child his mother saw to it, without fail, that formal family worship took place daily.

But the elder Mrs. K was something less than sincere about her religion. As with all children who are quick to detect the wide gap between profession and practice on the part of their elders, so Mr. K, when a small lad, saw through his mother. She would interrupt family devotions to speak harshly to her husband and to the children. Habitually she lamented her trying life and manifested jealousy toward members of her own family. Yet, withal, this woman insisted that she was a believer in the Bible—the whole of it, literally interpreted—and that all persons whose religion differed from hers were infidels.

What came of all this? Mr. K learned to hate his mother—and her religion. It has been with the utmost difficulty that he has worked through to a religious belief that has meaning for him. So far as his intellectual acceptance of religion is concerned, he has done fairly well. But because of the emotional battering he suffered as

a child, his conduct—conduct based on deeply established attitudes toward persons—has been highly unfortunate. This is evident by his almost unconscious treatment of his own child which turns out to be the same unjust and unloving treatment which he had from his mother. Before he realized what he was doing, he had begun to deal with his little son in ways which he recalls his mother practiced to-

**No one is exempt from  
talking nonsense: the  
misfortune is to do it  
solemnly**

**Montaigne**

ward him. And now Mr. K says he can simply look at his son and see in him the onset of mistrust and hatred which he felt toward his own parent.

Yes, religion is more than worship—more than formal worship, more than verbal espousal. And if there is to be religion as a gracious quality expressed between persons in a family, there must be trust and respect between old and young. God has entrusted man with freedom—freedom to choose the good, freedom to commit wrong, sin. Likewise, parents ought to trust their children, giving them enough latitude to make free choices—choices which, to be sure, the children will want the beloved and trusted and respected parents' help in making.

My experience with young people has repeatedly strengthened my conviction that they are more responsible, stronger in character, and altogether finer, when there exists between them and their parents mutual respect and confidence. An adolescent is like certain thoroughbreds known to horsemen. Ride them with a tight line and they will run amuck; hold the lines lightly and they will step along under their own alert self-control. (The analogy can be carried further; no lines on the horse also means trouble. Even so, no controlling ties of love and restraint

between parent and child means trouble.)

The truth is that when you see a family whose parents are either too severe or too indulgent with the children, trouble is coming as surely as the night follows the day. And this trouble is due directly to the absence of basic religious attitudes which ought to have existed in the home prior to the birth of the first child. Father and mother have to experience a feeling of genuine respect for each other and for each child before the child can experience confidence and love as one who has respect for persons. But a parent can love the partner in marriage and the child only in the measure that he has appropriated the spirit of Christ. Love of person for person is always a larger love than a biological one—one based on sex or blood ties. For love in the Christian sense is precisely a matter of devotion raised to altruism, which means selflessness, outgoing concern. In it there is present that inestimable quality called sacrifice. If you love God, as revealed in Christ, you have some comprehension of the Cross—and the Cross is both a symbol and an evidence of the fact that Christlikeness involves sacrifice.

Neither Mrs. X nor Mr. K's mother knew the love of God. Though they engaged in formal worship exercises they really did not recognize the worthfulness of God. For this reason they could not worship him. And because they never worshiped God they could not experience the worthfulness of their children. Hence the children, unable to learn the ways of love under the guidance of parents who themselves were loving, have grown up not knowing what love of God or love of persons is. This is the tragedy of the families in our stories.

How can our homes become Christian? The answer ought now to be obvious. Our homes can become Christian when religion is more than mere formality. Just as mother and father set the standards of the family toward people of other races and religions, so they largely determine the basic attitudes which the children are to

*(Continued on page 42.)*



# *scrooge's nephew wins again*



DANA PUT the baby down for his nap, went into the kitchen, and got out the baking things. She must get the cookies made before Linda and Donnie got home from the Christmas party. She lighted the oven and set the control, then turned the radio on to low volume.

Christmas! she thought crossly, measuring molasses into a cup. She used to love it, but not any more. It had been commercialized to the point where the real meaning of it was lost. It was nothing but a mad scramble . . . a spending spree,

Only three shopping days be-

fore Christmas!" came a cheerful warning over the air.

"Humph!" fumed Dana, breaking eggs into a bowl and beating them briskly. "That's three more days for people to wreck their budgets and break their hearts. And for what?"

## *A Story by*

CAROL HARTLEY

The announcer didn't answer—he was off on a rosy cloud of irresistible bargains.

"There!" stormed Dana. "See what I mean?"

As she dumped sugar into the beaten eggs, the sharp rattle of sleet on the windowpane made her



look up quickly. Oh, dear! she thought. More snow! "I'm dreaming of a white Christmas!" crooned a well-known baritone.

"You can dream!" scolded Dana, beating the mixture vigorously. "You don't have to cope with boots, wet mittens, and colds."

"Just like the ones I used to know!" warbled the unsquelched songster.

"I want that kind for the children, too," said Dana, sifting flour into the bowl. "But try and get 'em!"

The telephone rang sharply. "Don't wake the baby!" muttered Dana, "I'm coming!"

She streaked through the house and seized the instrument with two floury fingers. "Hello. . . . Help the Stocking-Fillers? . . . Tonight? . . . Oh, Mary!" she groaned. "I just can't do it—not this year! I'm snowed under—completely swamped!"

She dropped the phone into the cradle, and pushed back her hair with the crook of her elbow till it stood up in little brown question marks around her face. She was sorry, she hated to let Mary down; but there was a limit to what one person could do. She wasn't Superman. And she was so tired she'd like to curl up in a corner and sleep for a week—well, till Christmas was over, anyway.

Her eyes swept the disordered room. She scowled at the tinsel glory of the proud tree that glittered in the murky afternoon light. It looked pretty moth eaten where the baby had pulled off the icicles and tried to eat the silver balls. She'd have to redo that part of it—when, she didn't know. The Santa Claus on the chandelier was old and shabby—looked terrible—but Donnie loved it. Santa Claus was very important to a four-year-old. And Linda was so proud of the wobbly red letters spelling "Merry Christmas," that hung over the fireplace. Decked in unbelievable kindergarten holly, they gave the room a rather rakish look. Dana's eyes softened. Christmas was so much fun—for children!

**B**ACK IN THE kitchen she floured the board, spooned part of the cooky mixture onto it, kneaded

it, and rolled it out with short, jabbing strokes. She found the snowman cutter, but where were those of Santa Claus and the Christmas tree? She rummaged through the cabinet drawers. Suddenly an intuitive light began to dawn, and hurrying to Linda's room she fished out of a big box of crayons—the lost cutters. Patterns—she should have known it! She scraped away the encrusted wax, washed them, and carefully cut out a delectable tree.

"*Marley was dead, to begin with,*" said a voice over the air.

"Who cares?" asked Dana

**The reward of a thing well done  
is to have done it**

**Emerson**

grumpily. She reached over to turn off the radio and stopped. At least the reader had a pleasant voice. That might soothe her ruffled spirits. And they needed soothing, she thought with a rueful grin.

"*Old Marley was as dead as a doornail,*" went on the voice.

"Lucky man!" said Dana. "No Christmas to worry about." She slipped a spatula under a tree, and lifted it carefully to the cooky sheet. She did another . . . filled the pan.

"*A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!*" came a happy greeting over the air.

"How about that, Scrooge?" inquired Dana.

"Bah!" said Scrooge. "*Humbug!*"

"Perfect!" chortled Dana. "You're a man after my own heart, Scrooge. Couldn't have done better myself!" Her eyes lighted up. Then her face slid back into the tired, unhappy lines. Intent on the cookies, her thoughts raced on. She had spent far too much money for Christmas. The list of cards to be sent out grew every year; they were getting to be more of a burden than a pleasure. Toys were so terribly expensive that they were almost prohibitive! And the other gifts she had bought! She shuddered, thinking of the first of the month and bills coming in.

"*What's Christmas to you,*" said Scrooge, "*but a time for paying bills without money?*"

Dana looked up, startled. Was the man psychic?

"*. . . a time for balancing your books . . .*" went on the inexorable Scrooge.

"Try and balance 'em!" stormed Dana, and she went over in her mind the items on the budget. Perhaps she could shave this one to pad that—a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul. She smiled a grim little smile. "Merry Christmas!" she spluttered. "Merry Christmas, indeed!"

"*If I could work my will,*" said Scrooge indignantly, "*every idiot that goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart!*"

"That he should!" applauded Dana. "How about it, you young upstart of a nephew?"

She held the cooky cutter poised over the dough, and waited for his answer. It came.

"*I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it came around, as a good time; a kind, forgiving, pleasant, charitable time . . .*"

"That's what you think!" said Dana, but her gray eyes were puzzled. Her thoughts flashed to Mary and the others, slaving away tonight at the church, filling innumerable stockings for the needy. She brushed the thought away.

"*. . . the only time I know in the long calendar of the year,*" went on the nephew, "*when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely . . .*"

"Humph!" said Dana, frowning. She thrust a pan of cookies into the oven, and closed the door with a bang.

"*. . . and therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!*"

"That's enough out of you, young man!" snapped Dana, and without waiting for Scrooge to say, "Bah! Humbug!" she switched off the radio.

She didn't expect Christmas to



put gold or silver in her pocket, she grumbled to herself as she stabbed the cutter into the dough, but she did want it to be a good time for the family. And how could it be if she were so tired, and cross, and worried about the budget that she couldn't enter into the spirit of it?

A frown wrinkled her brow, and she paused in her work. What was it Scrooge's nephew had said? Something about Christmas being the only time that men and women seemed by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely. Men and women . . . that meant everybody. By one consent . . . that meant complete agreement. Humph! Imagine! In this day and age of the world, people agreeing on anything! It was utterly fantastic! Just showed how wrong the nephew was!

**R**ESOLUTELY she turned her attention to the cookies, cutting, filling the pans, slipping them into the oven; but disturbing thoughts kept tugging at her mind. She wasn't the only one who worked hard at Christmas time, got all tired out, and spent too much money. Other people did too. . . . Everybody did. . . . *Everybody*. . . . Hmmm. She took a pan of cookies from the oven, carefully spread them on the rack to cool, and sniffed appreciatively. Nothing smelled quite so good as ginger cookies hot from the oven, she thought, as she closed the door on the last panful.

The first cookies were cool, now; so she mixed frosting, filled the pastry tube, spread magnificent beads on the Santa Clauses, and garnished their suits with luscious bands of fur. She squeezed long frescoes of snow on the branches of the Christmas trees, sprinkled tiny colored candies on for lights, then swiped icing over the snowmen, and pressed fat raisin eyes and buttons onto them. She stood back and looked at them with approval.

As she decorated more cookies her jumbled thoughts tumbled over each other. Did people really agree on Christmas? Yes, they did, she admitted honestly; and it couldn't help but draw the whole world closer together. Maybe Christmas was commercialized too much, she

## Easy Does It!

Keep a large powder puff in your flour can and dust your rolling pin and board with it.

When hanging up the wash, hang one pillow slip with open end up. When taking down the wash, put all small pieces into that slip. Saves time.

Mark the place for each opening of a button hole with a thin coat of colorless nail polish. When the polish is dry, cut through the center and you have a straight, non-raveling edge for your stitches.

Keep a small pane of clear heavy plastic with your cookbooks. You can hold your cookbook open, read your recipe readily, and also protect the book from spatters.

MARY ELSNAU

thought, but if people could take time out of their busy lives every year . . . and year after year . . . and wear themselves out, and spend more than they could afford to make it a happy time for those they loved . . . well, there must be something good about it.

Glancing out the window she saw that the sleet had turned to snow, and was coming down in earnest. The children would be so excited over a white Christmas, and she and Jim would go coasting with them—baby and all! Her eyes softened. They always had good times together. . . .

As she stood watching the swirling snow the words of Scrooge's nephew came back to her, and she repeated them softly to herself: *"I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it came around, as a good time; a kind, forgiving, pleasant, charitable time . . . the only time I know in the long calendar of the year when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely . . . and, therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!"*

The words brought a picture to Dana's mind . . . millions of homes,

millions of families, each intent on Christmas. People everywhere, *united* in observing Christmas. Didn't that mean anything? Of course it did—it meant that it was a powerful thing! It meant that there was hope for peace . . . for a better world!

"Oh!" gasped Dana. "It's the one hope we have, and I've been against it!"

Quickly she stacked the baking things in the sink and turned hot water on them. "You're right, Scrooge's nephew," she apologized to the silent radio, as she scoured a pan, "and I say, God bless it, too!"

She'd have to do something about it right away, she thought, closing the cupboard doors and glancing at the clock—and the first thing was to call Mary.

On her way to the hall she grinned at the crooked greeting over the mantel, saluted the merry gentleman on the light fixture, picked up the telephone, and dialed. "Mary," she said, "I'm sorry I was such a bear. I'll help tonight. I'm sure Jim will take care of the children. . . . No, I haven't any old toys to contribute—they're all in use," she chuckled, "but I'll bring some ginger cookies—snowmen, Christmas trees, and Santa Clauses."





*A Christian family discovers  
that a Christian community  
consists of individual Christians  
living in a truly Christian manner*



# OME FINDS

## *the Community*

by C. W. LONGMAN

WELL," said Mrs. Allen, at the breakfast table the morning after they had moved, "here we are in a new house in a new community."

"It's a new house," countered Dad, "but I don't know about the community part."

"No community at all, if you ask me," Bill, a high school junior, added.

"Oh, come now, don't be high and mighty, every place is a community," said Mary. Then feeling she was getting beyond her depth, she turned to Dad. "Isn't that so, Dad?"

"You've raised quite a question, Mary," said Dad. "Is every place a community? What is a community anyway? Something to think about, isn't it?"

Mother broke in, "A community is, in the first place, a group of families. We've a pretty good idea what a family is, at least in terms of our own, but maybe we need to think about other types of families in the community, especially in this one. There are many types of families and many types of communities."

"That reminds me," said Dad, "of something I read recently."

He went to the table, picked up a book and read, "We should look for the roots of world problems and the seeds of war in our own localities. World problems can be analyzed and solved to the extent that neighbors of the world are willing to meet their various local community problems. The social problems that cause strife at home and abroad are summed up in the words, 'man's inhumanity to man.'"

"So we have to be neighbors as well as have neighbors," said Bill. "Is that what it means?"

"Good, Bill, you've got the point. But what does being a neighbor mean?"

"Guess we'd really be good neighbors if we had the community spirit." Bill wasn't quite sure what he meant by community spirit, but it sounded good.

"Yes," said Mother, "Jesus asked a long time ago, 'Who is my neighbor?' Men in those days didn't know. We aren't too sure now. Let's talk about this after we've done some reading. I want to read that book, too, Dad."

"I'm going to ask my social science teacher," said Bill.

"To be continued," said Dad, pushing back his chair.

The Allens made a practice of going at any problems concerning the family in a definite, direct fashion. They discovered many things about "What is a family?" and "What is a community?" during the next few days. They even got so interested in the subject they agreed to use it for the discussions at their weekly family gatherings, which were scheduled after supper on Thursday evenings.

At the next meeting they began with Mary's idea.

She said, "I think a family is a father and a mother and children living together."

Bill quoted his teacher. He had it written down and read it word for word. "The family pattern is blurred. Russia startled the world with a new family pattern. Italy has proposed a state-determined pattern. In America sociologists have given different descriptions of the family. For example: The Founding Family is one in which the family is just getting established. The Expanding Family is one into which children are coming. The Declining Family means the children are leaving home. A Minimum Family has husband and wife without children."



# *Spectrum of the Year*

Green is the color of spring, I've found—  
The first green shoots from the thawing ground,  
The lacy haze on the apple bough.

Red is the color of summer time;  
Of trumpet bells that seem to climb  
To the rosy sun with his beaming glow.

Yellow is the color for the fall,  
With apples, pears and peaches, all  
Ripening in the brisk air, now.

Blue is the color of winter sky,  
Blue, the ice on the pond near by,  
Blue shadows on the snow.

SYLVIA PEZOLT

Bill was quite overcome with such a long report, and took time to clear his throat before he continued. "There is also the Fractional Family where there are single persons, like brothers and sisters, living together, or a widow or widower living with relatives."

"Well, Bill, that report deserves an 'E' for effect, anyway," remarked Mr. Allen. "What do you think it means?"

"To be honest it doesn't mean very much," said Bill, "but the word 'family' is a lot bigger than I thought."

Mother said, "Let's begin with Mary's description, but it's a good idea to keep all these other things in mind. We'll be getting acquainted with fathers, mothers, boys, and girls on our street and that means getting to know families. How about 'community'?"

Mary had found a definition of "community" in the dictionary. She put the big book down on the floor and read, "A community is a group of persons who have a lot of things in common, like interests and obligations, and have to keep the same laws." She asked, "How many people does it take?"

"That's simple," said Bill promptly. "You have different size communities just like you have different size families."

"Yeah," retorted Mary, "but when a community gets big enough to be a city, is it still a community?"

Mother gave them a bit of personal history. "I was born in a little town of about nine hundred. Everybody knew everybody else, and almost everybody called everybody else by his first name. We all had the same doctor and dentist. Now, as I look back, it seems something like a *family* of nine hundred."

"But," objected Bill, "this place is nine thousand. You can't imagine a family that size, can you? Baloney with calling that a community."

"That doesn't necessarily follow," countered Dad. "It is possible for small groups to choose someone to speak for them. When all the small groups do this it helps make things something like a small town where each person speaks for himself."

"That's what my teacher calls democracy," reported Bill.

"Won't we have to admit there are many kinds of communities?" asked Dad. "Some are small and some are large. Some of them are linked together closely, just like our family. These are real communities, as I see it. In that case it isn't a matter of size."

With a fresh show of interest Bill said, "This is getting good. Kind of important, too."

IT WASN'T long before Mrs. Allen made the acquaintance of Mrs. Ghormley who lived across the alley. They met while carrying out trash. Introductions weren't necessary when Mrs. Ghormley began to tell what a time she was having with the decorators and Mrs. Allen wanted to know where she could get really fresh eggs.

"But my real headache is what I'm called on to do outside my home," and Mrs. Ghormley banged the lid down on the trash can with some violence. "I get so tired being rung in on all the jobs in the community other people ought to do. Last week it was the P.T.A. and the chairman for the mother-daughter banquet fell down on the job and I had to take over. This week it was the Cub Scouts, and now they are after me to teach in the vacation church school."

"It's wonderful of you to do all that for the community," said Mrs. Allen. "I'll expect to get my share of jobs when I get acquainted. We all have to take our part . . . especially if we have children."

Mrs. Ghormley looked surprised. "You mean I should be glad to slave like I do at these jobs because I have children?"

"No, I don't mean to say I know what you should do at all. But I do believe that all of us have to work together to make a good community. So I ought to be worked in before long, too."

"That's really the right way to look at it," agreed Mrs. Ghormley. "Well, I'll be seeing you." And she waved a friendly goodbye.

The next regular meeting of the Allen family had to have two adjourned sessions because each member had so many interesting things to report and experiences to share. Mother told about Mrs. Ghormley, and some other visits with neighborhood mothers. Mary and Bill, too, had found friends and were bubbling over with their own special experiences. Dad, too, had come to some challenging conclusions and observations.

Mary had learned about the Girl Scouts and the Junior Service League and was sure the Allen family ought to have something to do with both, since she was going to be in them. She put it this way, "We can't sit back and let others do things for us without doing something ourselves, can we? If I'm in these, and I'm going to be, then the family has to be in on them, too."

(Continued on page 43.)



# CLARA BARTON

*angel of mercy*



**C**HRISTMAS DAY was a fitting day for the birth of Clara Barton. That day marked the coming to earth of a message of mercy that was to be remembered throughout the ages; and on that happy day of the year 1821 the home of the Bartons in the village of North Oxford, Massachusetts, was made glad by the birth of a baby whose entire life was to be given to deeds of kindness. Her life story is one of the glorious chapters in our history, and the fruitage of her work is lasting.

Clara Barton's childhood was a happy one. The country about North Oxford was beautiful. Through the warm season she found joy in the flowers and the hillside charms, and in the winter there was plenty of snow to afford sled rides and sleigh rides. She loved the brook and the orchards. It seemed that no clouds could ever spoil the happy life of the child. Her father and mother were devoted to her, for she was the baby in a family of older brothers and sisters.

To be sure, Clara heard a good deal of the hardships of war even as a child. For her grandfather had been a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and her father, too, had been a soldier. All members of the family hoped that never again would there be a dev-

by THOMAS CURTIS CLARK



## *Christmas Benediction*

I sat beside the fireplace  
On Christmas Eve,  
On Christmas Eve,  
I watched the fairy fire lace,  
Its patterns weave,  
Its patterns weave.  
I thought of all the Christmas things,  
One can believe,  
One can believe  
Of sacrifice, and love that clings,  
One may receive,  
One may receive;  
And in my heart was gratitude  
To interweave  
To interweave  
With thanks for life's beatitude  
On Christmas Eve,  
On Christmas Eve.

SYLVIA PEZOLT

astating war. The happy child could not know then that in time she would become known as "the angel of the battlefield" in the heartbreaking Civil War. And it was good that she did not know as a child what was in store for her.

When Clara was eleven years of age, trouble came to her home. An older brother was injured by a fall from the roof of a house which he was helping to raise. "I am not badly hurt," the brother said; but he was mistaken, for two years were to pass before he could go to work again. And now the thoughtful child was to begin her nursing career. She took her place at her brother's side; no one else knew so well how to smooth his pillow and make him comfortable. No more riding and coasting for her, and even her school was forgotten; for her poor brother must not be left alone. During the two years of devoted nursing, the sister took a vacation of a half day! And people began to say, "That child is a born nurse."

Finally the big brother recovered and Clara could again pursue her studies. She was such a good student that by the time she was sixteen she was able to take a school. It was a district school and the young teacher had children of all ages in her classes. She

was small of body, and some of her pupils were larger than she. Boys who had caused trouble to earlier teachers liked the little lady, and their parents were delighted with the way she conducted the school. Later on, Clara took over other schools and always gave satisfaction.

After a few years the able young teacher began to think that she herself needed more schooling. After making her plans, she left home and went to Clinton, New York, where was located a good seminary. Completing her studies there, she went to Heightstown, New Jersey, to teach in a private school, and there she repeated her earlier successes. At the close of her year there, she had another idea. Not far away was the town of Bordentown, and there the children needed her, she thought; for Bordentown had no free schools. She would start one on her own.

Thus it was that, in the autumn of the next year, the free school was started in Bordentown. Miss Barton found an old building and fixed it up for the beginning class—only six scholars being at hand. But other children came, and after a while the people of the town decided that a larger building would be needed. A fine new building went up, and in time five hundred pupils attended the classes. And now the young teacher was receiving a modest salary. All this work was excellent, but it was tiring, and Clara Barton decided that she needed a rest. So off to Washington, the capital city, she went. The mild winters would help her, she thought.

But such an active person as Clara Barton could not long be idle. She decided to secure a position in the Pension Office. She had no trouble getting into this field, for her ability was well known. Soon she was put in charge. Many of the clerks under her were men, and they did not like the idea of working for a woman! But frictions were ironed out and the work went ahead with success. For three years she worked devotedly at the problems of the Pension Office. The question of Negro slavery was coming into the center of attention, and Clara Barton was opposed to such a thing as human slavery. For her conviction she was dismissed, and went back to her home; only for a time, however, for she was soon recalled.

Now was to begin the glorious career of Clara Barton. For the Civil War broke, and the problem of nursing of the wounded was to become a real one. "What can I do to help?" Miss Barton asked herself. She did not have to wait long for the answer. When the Sixth Regiment left Boston to fight, she became intensely interested; for this regiment was from her home state. Soon these soldier boys met with mob violence in Baltimore, and back to Washington came many of them for treatment. No plans had been made, and now was Clara Barton's opportunity. She took over. Food had to be found for the wounded men, and medicine must be administered.

War was soon raging very near Washington. Boats went down the Potomac River with provisions for the army, and these boats returned with more wounded soldiers. And Miss Barton decided to travel back and forth on the boats, with medicine and bandages for the men. But after a while, back in Washington



for service there, the busy nurse saw that bundles and boxes with food and other things were arriving from families of the wounded soldiers, and must be got to the men. There was enough work for dozens of women, but Miss Barton carried most of the burden.

When the war became more widely extended, and the needs of the wounded increased, the problems were more and more challenging. "If I could be near the soldiers when they fall in battle," this sympathetic woman thought, "many a life could be saved." She determined to carry out this plan, and went from one office to another trying to secure permission. When these officers warned her of the dangers of the battle-front, she would say, "But I am the daughter of a soldier. I am not afraid of the battlefield." The frail-looking nurse won, and she was soon busy. From now on, until the end of the war, Clara Barton's small hands were busy giving medicine and food to soldiers at the front. Sometimes her face would be black from gunpowder, and bullets were flying all about her; but she stayed at her post.

During the winter months, when sharp winds were blowing, the wounded men suffered from cold, and the weary nurse would have them brought together; then she would have fires of logs lighted that the men might not suffer. In the summer, when the sun beat down upon the soldiers, she would have them removed to some shady spot. When fevers began to rage in the hot months, there was great fear and even desperation where the scourge was the most devastating. Would Clara Barton go into these dangerous places? She did. When someone asked her how she could do this, she said simply: "Somebody had to go to take care of the soldiers. So I went."

As the war approached its end, there was another pressing problem: the missing—who would find out about them? Bushels of letters had come from the families of the men; these must be answered. Who would get the information? President Lincoln knew who could take care of this. "Miss Barton shall have charge of all these letters," he said. She went to work. She studied the records of hospitals and prisons. She went to Andersonville Prison in Georgia, and through the long, hard months she succeeded in finding the names of twelve thousand soldiers who lay buried near there; and the information was sent to the families of the men. For about four years she continued in this work.

But now Clara Barton again found herself exhausted. She must rest. And she took a boat for Europe, spending much time in Switzerland. While in Geneva, some representatives of the Society of the Red Cross visited her and asked her whether she could not get America to cooperate in this work. She would. But in a few months the war between Germany and France broke out, and Clara Barton heard again the call of need. The German city of Strasburg was suffering from a long siege, and when the siege was broken, she gave herself to constant ministry to the suffering. Then, later, Paris needed her and she carried her activities to the French city. She worked thus devotedly till the war ended.

## *—Home, to a Dark House*

The light is out. No window square  
Blossoms into the dark blue light  
And there is silence everywhere,  
Making the nighttime really night.

I had forgotten you would be  
Gone for this evening, for this hour,  
Until my tired eyes failed to see  
Home windows bursting into flower.

You are my home then, not this place  
Which crouches in the empty dark,  
You with all light upon your face  
When dusk comes down and streets are stark.

You are my home, my hearth, my earth,  
Holding all light in your hands' girth!

ANOBEL ARMOUR

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And now she must return to America and win her country's cooperation in the work of the Red Cross. Back again, she went to President Hayes, then to Garfield, and finally to President Arthur. He listened with interest, and very soon there was an American Red Cross. Who should be its president? The President named none other than Clara Barton.

But was it only during wars that the organization could help the suffering? That question haunted Miss Barton. And she answered it. Whenever there was suffering from floods, fires, disease—that also was a field of service.

For many years Clara Barton lived in Washington where she could look after the activities of the American Red Cross. Later she built a home a few miles from Washington, on the Potomac. There she lived and wrote books and spent the rest of her days as one of the most honored of American women. At ninety-one she passed to her reward.

Clara Barton had surely read the words of Jesus, "If any of you would be great, let him be as one that serveth." And she made those great words live in her amazing career.



by  
B. ZABKO-POTAPOWICZ



# Christmas

*Dressed in their best homespun and embroidered clothes, the  
people of the Ukraine celebrate Christmas with rich tradition*



**W**ILLIAM HENRY Chamberline, a former correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, writing about the Ukraine, entitled his book *The Ukraine: a Submerged Nation*. And indeed it is a submerged people under many foreign governments and nations. Before World War II the Great Ukraine that reaches in the east the Don River, in the west the Carpathian Mountains, and in the south the Black Sea was one of the Socialistic Soviet Republic. The Western Ukraine was under Poland; Carpato Ukraine was under Czechoslovakia; and Bucovina and Bessarabia were under the Romanian dominion.

Because of all this it is very difficult to write about my native land and yet it is so easy because in spite of the foreign dominion on our lands and the political boundaries that have separated us for many long years, all of us speak the same Ukrainian language and have the same century-old customs.

We have many customs in the Ukraine, but the most interesting ones come along with Christmas. The word Christmas has the same magic in my native land as it has here in the United States of America. All over the world where people recognize Christ as the Savior of mankind, and remember his birth in far off Judea—the star of Bethlehem shines for them every Christmas; and for everyone,

wherever he is, or whoever he is, who has in reality experienced the living Christ, the light of this star never loses its splendor.

Around Christmas time the whole land is covered with snow. The trees are all dressed in white and the window panes of every house have been painted with the most intricate designs by Father Frost. From the earliest morning till very late at night one hears the jingle bells on the sleighs which bring Christmas trees, fresh fish, and other goods to the Christmas market. Everyone is busy and every heart is filled with expectation and unbound joy, because of the approaching holiday. And when the day before Christmas arrives everything is ready.

At this point let us go to a Ukrainian village, for it is here that we feel the heartbeat of our people. In the cities people have become more sophisticated than the villagers, and do not keep the old traditions so strictly.

The whole house is filled with the fragrance of cooking and baking. Small children sit with their little faces pressed against the windows and their eager eyes turned toward the sky. They are watching for the first star to appear. At that moment mother makes last touches on the supper and father brings the big Christmas tree into the living room and places a bundle of wheat in the corner as a symbol of

plenty and thanksgiving for a whole year of blessings.

Next he carries in some hay, divides it into two parts and spreads out the smaller portion on the table. The other portion is piled in a small heap under the table. On top of the hay is placed a small dish with embers, into which a child throws from time to time a piece of incense which fills the house with the most delicious fragrance and freshness of the pine woods. When this is done, the table and the thin layer of hay on it are covered with a white tablecloth and set for supper. Everything is ready now, but everyone waits for something.

Suddenly excited voices of children announce the appearance of the first evening star, and this is the sign that Christmas Eve is here. Yet the peasant and his family cannot eat unless the household animals have been fed, and when this has been done with a certain amount of ritual which would be too long to describe, the whole family can eat. All members of the family, even the servants, sit at the same table tonight. And when you look around, you notice an empty seat with an extra placesetting and a candle lighted on that empty plate. The empty place is left there in memory of those who have to be absent from home. This is done not only in

(Continued on page 45.)

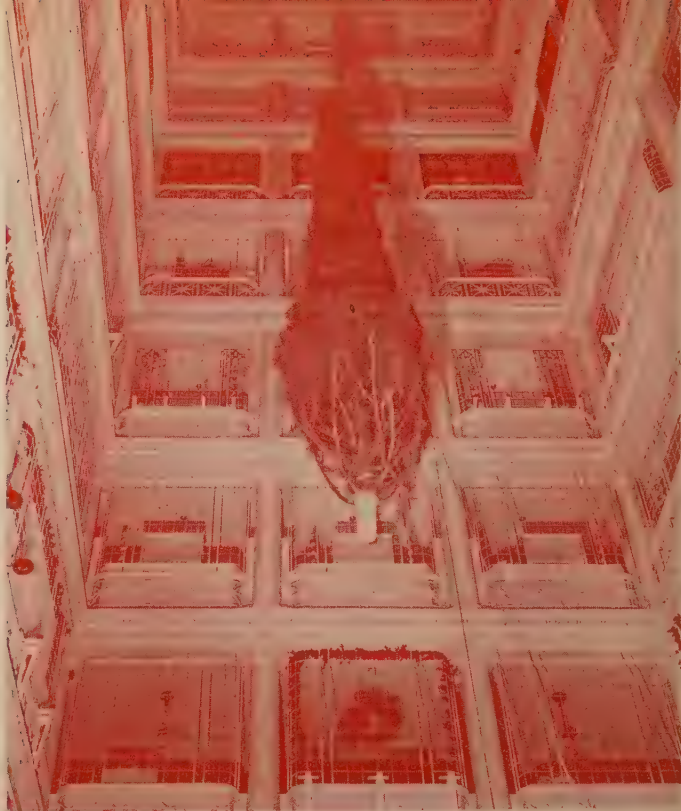
*the*

# UKRAINE



# America's Biggest Indoor Tree

by LOUISE PRICE BELL



Here the tree is being hoisted by block and tackle up seven stories, through the "well" in center of store. Branches are bound with wire.

It's not as easy to trim this huge tree as it is the ones in our homes! A huge scaffold is built around it, which the decorators straddle as they work on the tree.







Because the tree is so huge, extra-large ornaments are needed. Employees of the store make them, all planned to scale and in proportion to the size of the tree.

After the huge tree is trimmed, the scaffolding is stripped away—an exciting moment!



**E**VERY YEAR before the first fall of snow, Chicago's Marshall Field's sends a man up in the North woods, in Lake Superior country, to look around for the "big tree" that will attract hundreds of thousands of people during the holiday season. The tree hunter looks about for a seventy-foot tree, if he can find one, and he usually can. He picks this large size because after the snows come and the tree is to be cut, only fifty feet of it are lopped off the fallen tree.

Before the tree is loaded, the branches are tightly bound with wire and the base is packed in peat moss to keep it fresh on its journey to Chicago. To get the tree there, a bulldozer plows a path from the tree to the nearest logging road, then horses and sled drag it to a waiting truck and the truck takes it to a railroad siding where a special flatcar carries it to its destination. Here it is carted at night through roped off streets to the store, where revolving doors have been removed so that the tree can be taken into the store to the center light well, up which it is pulled by block and tackle for seven floors.

As soon as the tree reaches the seventh floor and is anchored in place, straight and tall, a scaffolding is built around it for the trimmers to use in decorating the branches. The ornaments have to be made especially for the tree, since regulation ones would be way out of proportion on such a large growth. These are made ahead of time, in fact it takes weeks to make them each year and this is done by store employees. Some are held over from the year before, but it is inevitable that many would be broken or soiled or unusable since it takes three thousand ornaments to decorate the huge tree.

Just before the store opens for the holiday season, the scaffolding is removed and the tree can be seen in all its beauty for the first time. Year after year families come to see and admire the country's largest indoor tree; it's a sight worth seeing.



Oh, Christmas is a joyful time,  
And best of all to me  
Is when we gather Christmas Eve  
(Before we light the tree)  
To sing old Christmas carols,  
Our whole big family.  
We choose which carols Mother plays,  
And all join in to sing  
The lovely tunes from ancient days.  
How all our voices ring!  
God rest you merry, gentlemen. . .  
I saw three ships . . . Good King Wenceslaus . . .  
Come all ye faithful . . . Little town . . .  
As with gladness . . . Silent Night . . .  
The holy Child, the star so bright,  
The shepherds, and the angel flight,  
Bring us to Bethlehem this night.<sup>1</sup>

AGNES LOUISE DEAN

*with You*



## *We Give Thanks at Christmas*

O God, our Father, loving and good  
We are glad that Jesus lived on earth among men.  
Because he showed Your love for everyone by help-  
ing all who came to him,  
Because he taught people how they could live  
friendly, loving lives,  
Because he taught us to love not only friends but  
enemies  
Because he showed what it really means to be for-  
giving,  
Because he taught us to remember those who may  
be hungry or cold, homeless or sick,  
Because he reminded us to be friends to strangers  
and to lonely, unhappy people,  
We give thanks to You, at Christmas.  
For the happy, loving time of Christmas,  
We give thanks to You, O God.<sup>2</sup>

## *Christmas Means*

Christmas means  
Church bells ringing joyously,  
Christmas carols sung around the Christmas tree  
or beneath the window of a shut-in friend,  
The voices of our friends calling "Merry Christ-  
mas,"  
Gaily wrapped packages piled beneath the tree.

Christmas means  
Joy,  
Joy as we have happy times together,  
Joy as we plan for the happiness of others,  
Joy as we remember Jesus and his loving life,  
Joy as we show love to others,  
Joy in knowing that this is God's plan for us.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Copyright, Judson Press. Used by permission.

<sup>2</sup>From *Thoughts of God for Boys and Girls*. Connecticut Council of Churches. Used by permission.

<sup>3</sup>Ibid.

## CHRIST

Our hearts are filled with joy and thanksgiving at Christmas, as we, with people throughout the world, celebrate the birth of Jesus, the Christ. The story of his birth is a story loved by people of all ages and it is a story they never tire hearing or reading as it is told so beautifully in Luke 2. Read this together with your family sometime during the Christmas season. Perhaps you will make this reading a part of your family Christmas worship service.

Some of the most beautiful music in the world has been written about the birth of Jesus, and what his coming meant to the world. Listen with your family to such great music as Handel's "Messiah." Gather around the piano, phonograph, radio and join the singing of beloved carols. This, too, might be a part of your family's Christmas worship service.

Your children can help plan and prepare a simple but beautiful worship center in your home. They may make things such as candle holders, stand-up pictures of the Christmas scene, or Christmas book marks at church school which might well be used on a table with the Bible. Perhaps a part of your traditional observance is the arrangement of the crèche. Let the children help arrange the figures so that the scene will be more meaningful to them.

You may have several periods of family worship during the season or you may have only one special time on Christmas Eve. It may be as long or as brief as you and your family wish, but each member should have a part in the planning, sharing a favorite carol, poem or prayer. When a worship service becomes a part of your Christmas observance, you and your children will not only be strengthened spiritually now, but in later years.



# Children



## IS JOY

will have an enriching influence on your lives through memory.

Of course, there are gifts at Christmas. Gaily wrapped, colorful packages which quicken one's curiosity. The wise men brought gifts to the baby Jesus. We give to friends and loved ones to show our love. Love was the essence of Jesus' teachings, so it seems that showing love through gifts is a natural part of our remembrance of Jesus' birthday. It is true that there may be an over-emphasis on this phase of the celebration of Christmas by many, particularly by those with commercial interests, but in the Christian home an effort should be made to recognize the spirit of love of the gift rather than the monetary value of the gift. How can we measure the value of that blotter or calendar decorated by your four-year-old?

The gifts which children give should really be the children's gifts—planned and purchased or made by them. Adults who do all of this, even the wrapping, to be sure it is done properly, deprive children of much of the great joy of giving. Encourage the children to make decorations for the Christmas tree. Many families find one of their most pleasant experiences during Christmas is the decorating of the tree, with all members taking part.

In all the hustle and bustle, the hurried and excited activity of the Christmas season, take time to enjoy your family and friends, to worship with them and to give thanks to God. Christmas means

Glory to God in the highest,  
and on earth peace among men with whom he is pleased!"

—Luke 2:14.

## The Friendly Beasts

I. Je - sus our Broth - er, strong and good, Was hum - bly  
born in a sta - ble rude, And the friend - ly beasts a -  
round Him stood, Je - sus our Broth - er, strong and good.

I, said the donkey, shaggy and brown,  
I carried His mother up hill and down,  
I carried her safely to Bethlehem town;  
I, said the donkey, shaggy and brown.

I, said the cow, all white and red,  
I gave Him my manger for His bed,  
I gave Him my hay to pillow His head;  
I, said the cow, all white and red.

I, said the sheep, with curly horn,  
I gave Him my wool for His blanket warm,  
He wore my coat on Christmas morn;  
I, said the sheep, with curly horn.

I, said the dove, from the rafters high,  
I cooed Him to sleep that He should not cry.  
We cooed Him to sleep, my mate and I;  
I, said the dove, from the rafters high.

Every beast, by some good spell,  
In the stable dark was glad to tell  
Of the gift he gave Immanuel;  
The gift he gave Immanuel.

—Twelfth Century Carol, Medieval French Melody.

## Prayer

We are glad for Jesus' birthday: Help us to show our love to others at this Christmas time. Amen.



# a tree for EVERYBODY

CECIL PUSHED his way through the crowd of children gathered around the teacher. "Miss Howard," his voice rose above the clamor of "Thank you," "The ice cream was sure good," and all the other things children say to their teacher after a very successful party. "Miss Howard," Cecil's voice was even louder. "What will happen to the tree now?"

A sudden hush fell over the room. All eyes turned toward the tree that stood in the corner. It looked a little bare now that the stack of gifts had been removed; but it was still pretty with its bright, shiny balls and the many tinsel-edged stars. Each child in the room had made a star and hung it on the tree. They seemed to twinkle almost as gaily as real stars.

Miss Howard didn't speak for a moment; she seemed to be thinking. At last she said, "Well, for one thing, everybody may take his star home and hang it on his own tree."

"But the tree," Cecil insisted. "What will happen to it?"

"It will be put out back of the schoolhouse to be hauled away, I guess."

"Then may I have it?" Cecil asked.

Miss Howard looked surprised. "Don't you have a tree, Cecil?"

"Sure, but Jerry doesn't, and I thought—well, maybe he would like this tree."

Jerry had been sick most of the winter and couldn't come to school. He couldn't be in the school Christmas pageant or attend the party today. And he wasn't even going to have a tree.

"I know some other people who won't have a tree," Mary Hitchcock chimed in, "the new family who moved into the old Morrison house. They are DPs."

"Why won't they have a tree?" Cecil asked. He wasn't going to let anyone else, especially strangers, get this tree if he could help it.

"Because they just got here yesterday," Mary said. "They won't have time to get unpacked and decorate a tree and everything. And they have a boy about our age. He will start to school after the holidays."

"And I know someone who won't have a tree," Ben McKee spoke up. "Grandma Revell."

Cecil laughed. "Old people don't care about trees."

"They do too!" Ben McKee exclaimed, his blue eyes flashing. "Grandma Revell likes ginger cookies just like us kids. She likes to watch us go sledding on the hill by her house. She says she would ride on a sled, too, if she didn't have rheumatism. Maybe she likes Christmas trees too."

Cecil was getting worried; he bit his lower lip. "We can't give one tree to so many people, and Jerry is one of our class and he has been sick."

"We will just have to choose one," Miss Howard said. "Jerry has been sick for a long time and a Christmas tree would make his holiday brighter. The DP family are strangers in a strange country. The tree would be a means of getting acquainted with them and making them feel at home. Grandma Revell is every child's adopted grandmother. She always has a cookie jar full of cookies for the gang that plays on the hill by her house. It would be nice to show her how much you appreciate her cookies by giving her the tree." Miss Howard sighed. "There are such good reasons for giving the tree to each of them."

"Maybe we had better cut it in three," Ben McKee laughed.

"No," Cecil protested loudly. He was thinking about the tiny house where Jerry lived. Cecil's father said Jerry's daddy had to work extra hard for a living and his mother took in washing to help. They were the only Negro family in the town.

"Jerry should have the tree," Cecil decided stubbornly. "It is awful to be sick and not go to school."

"I know," Mary exclaimed, jumping from one foot to the other. "Let's not give the tree to anyone, let's share it with all of them."

"Sure," Ben cried. "Instead of going home early now that the party is over we can take the tree by

(Continued on page 28.)

*A Story by*  
**BILLIE AVIS HOY**



# *terry's*

## "THANK YOU"

THE WONDERFUL, exciting day that was Christmas was nearly over. Terry looked around the living room and sighed a big sigh of pure delight.

"Mother," he said, "I just love Christmas."

"I do, too," Mother agreed.

Beth and Bob, the three-year-old twins, were already in bed. Daddy was driving Grandma and Grandpa home.

Terry and his mother were putting gifts in their proper places. Small cars and red trucks, building blocks, coloring books and story books, two small tri-cycles, a doll and a wagon; all these were scattered about the room.

The Christmas tree stood sparkling and shining with light, full of beautiful colors. Terry turned the switch and the train underneath the tree began its journey up hills and down, into tunnels and out, over bridges and under bridges. Carefully he set up a building which had fallen over, turned the village church around, and removed a tiny woolly lamb which had somehow gotten on the track.

Terry sat back on his heels and looked over by the window. There it stood! The big, strong, brand new desk that was all his own. "Mother," Terry said, "I think of all my Christmas gifts my desk is the very best."

Mother smiled. "I'm so glad you like it, dear."

Terry got up, walked to the desk and sat down in the chair which matched it exactly.

The desk had places to hold pencils, a ruler, crayons, writing paper and drawing paper. And the nicest part was that all these things were in the desk in their proper places.

"I guess," Terry remarked, "I'd better start my 'thank you' letters."

"I think that's a good idea," Mother approved.

"Of course," Terry picked up a pencil, "there will be some words I can't spell, but you'll help me with those, won't you, Mother?"

"Certainly. I'll be glad to help," Mother said.

Terry drew a piece of paper toward him. "I'd better make my list first," he said. "There's Aunt Sue, who sent me my cowboy suit. I'd better write

her a really good 'thank you.' Uncle Ned sent that big football."

Mother had finished. She crossed to the desk and looked over Terry's shoulder. "You have quite a list of 'thank you' notes to send," she said.

Finally the long list was finished. Terry pushed the paper back and put down his pencil; he sat still a moment thinking. There was one he had forgotten, the most important one of all. "Mother," he said, and he sounded quite sorrowful, "I've forgotten the most important 'thank you' of all."

"Which one is that?" Mother wanted to know.

Terry looked at Mother. "My 'thank you' to God," he said.

Mother was quiet a minute, then she said, "You are right, dear."

Terry got up and pushed his shiny new desk chair around. Then he knelt on the floor with his arms resting on the chair.

Mother bowed her head and closed her eyes.

And while the shining Christmas tree sparkled beautifully, and the little woolly lamb stood up straight, and the big brand new desk waited, Terry said his "thank you."

"Dear God, I've got a lot of 'thank you' letters to write to all the people who sent me Christmas gifts. But I think yours is the most important, so I want to thank you first.

"Christmas time is just wonderful and I love it. But if it weren't for you, there just wouldn't be any Christmas at all. So I want to say 'thank you' for sending the Christ child. That was the most wonderful gift you could give us.

"I don't know if there's anything I can ever do for you, God, because you are so great and I am so little, but if there is, just let me know.

"And thank you once more, dear God, for Christmas. Amen."

*A Story by*

GRACE D. FOX



## A Tree for Everybody

(From page 26.)

each of their homes, Jerry, the DP family, and Grandma Revell."

"That would be Indian giving," Cecil protested. "What good would it do if we didn't leave something?"

"We can," Mary held up the sock of candy and nuts and games Miss Howard had given her. Each child in the room had received a sock. "We don't need so much candy and nuts and things; all of us will have more on Christmas Day. Why don't we divide what we have and fill a sock for each person we visit?"

The schoolroom became a beehive of activity as each child emptied the contents of his sock on his desk and picked out the choice pieces of candy and the best nuts for the gift socks. Games were added to Jerry's sock and to the one for the DP boy. Each sock had a gingerbread man grinning from the top. Miss Howard had baked the grinning gingerbread men especially for the party.

"Jerry didn't get to see the pageant," Cecil said. "Why don't we give it for him. We won't need costumes. We can say our speeches and sing the songs. He will like that."

So it was agreed. As they trooped through the snow, the bigger boys carrying the tree, they practiced singing their songs.

People stopped and watched them pass, and some joined in the singing. They passed Mr. Browning's tiny shoe shop with its big bare window looking in on a cluttered little room.

"That is the Christmas spirit," Mr. Browning beamed from the door, "children singing, a gay tree, laughter. That is the way Christmas should be."

As the class moved on up the street the man went back into his dingy little shop.

As they neared the tiny house at the end of the street Cecil could see Jerry standing at the window, his nose pressed flat against the cold glass. The door swung open and Jerry's mother called,

"Jerry, Jerry, the carolers have come. They have a tree. It looks as if the school is bringing you Christmas."

And the whole class filed into the tiny living room, crowding into the corners and squeezing around the furniture. The tree was placed in the middle of the room and Jerry sat right in front of it. He listened starry eyed while the children recited their lines from the pageant, then sang the songs.

Cecil gave Jerry and his mother and father each a bright red sock.

"First we have singing, and then presents," Jerry's mother exclaimed, "like the first Christmas. The angels sang, then the wise men brought gifts."

Jerry's eyes were bright and he kept blinking them hard. He acted as though he wanted to smile and cry both.

**Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp  
Or what's a heaven for?**

**Robert Browning**

"Now we have more calls to make," Cecil explained as the children trooped out, taking the tree with them.

The old Morrison house was big and bare except for unpacked boxes; the DP family just stood speechless when the children crowded in. They put the tree in the center of the living room and recited their pageant, then sang.

"'Peace on earth, good will to men'" the woman quoted in a soft sweet voice. "And the luffly tree—de stars dey shine and twinkle like real." She was laughing and crying all at once. She wiped her eyes on a corner of her apron. "I chust don't know how to put it—vhat I want to say is—"

"Thank you," her husband finished.

"Thank you," she smiled. "It seems like it used to be when ve vas children in de old country. 'Peace on earth'—that means all people everywhere."

Mary Hitchcock handed out the socks filled with good things and for a while no one in the family seemed able to speak.

"Friends," the boy exclaimed, hugging the sock to his heart, his dark eyes shining like the Christmas tree ornaments. "My friends." He spoke as though it was all too wonderful to last.

"We will be back," Cecil promised. "We will show you the best hill for sledding." Then he stopped. "I would like to take you to Sunday school with me," he said suddenly.

"Tank you," the boy smiled. "I vill go with you."

The class marched down the street to Grandma Revell's house. At the sound of their caroling Grandma Revell opened the door, the sweet smell of ginger cookies all about her.

"Merry Christmas," the children called, and Ben McKee gave her the sock before she could give them cookies.

After the recitations and singing they started back up the street.

"We still have the tree," Mary said. She glanced at Cecil. "Still want to give it to Jerry?"

But Cecil shook his head. "This tree has made so many people happy, it should be shared with the whole town."

"How?" Ben asked.

"Maybe Mr. Browning will let us put it in his shop window," Cecil said. "The window is big and—" he almost said ugly but stopped just in time, "the tree would make the shop pretty."

And Mr. Browning was happy to have the tree in his window.

"You youngsters know the real meaning of Christmas," he told them, getting white paper to wrap around the tree stand so it would look like snow. "Sharing."

"Sharing makes 'Peace on earth, good will to men,'" Cecil decided. He was remembering the faces of Jerry and his parents, the DP family and Grandma Revell. "Men everywhere—not just our special friends, but strangers—the whole world."

"The whole world," Mr. Browning nodded in agreement. "The whole world needs Christmas."



# Family Fun

## FOR CHRISTMAS

**C**HRISTMAS brings its round of festivities, and if it becomes your privilege to be one of the charming hostesses of the season, why not have a holiday party which can easily be adapted to a group of people of varying ages.

Little fat Santa Claus cards are selected to carry the invitations to the guests-to-be. The following verse may be used for that purpose.

This Holiday Party I'm sure you'll all agree  
Will be as funny as fun can be;  
If you don't believe it, then come and see,  
And if I'm wrong, well, the treats are free!

The Christmas red and green decorations in which the house will probably already be dressed will be the proper solution to this part of the plans.

The games that provide the entertainment should be woven about, or include, articles that are usually associated with Christmas, such as candles, bells, stars, toys, and gaily colored balloons.

**Star Gazing.** This is a relay race, so the contestants should be divided into teams of equal size and a judge selected. At one end of the room, flat on the floor or on a table, place a cardboard on which have been pasted a number of red, silver, or gold stars. The teams line up at the opposite end of the room behind the starting mark. At the signal *Go*, the first contestant in each line races the length of the room, counts the number of stars on the cardboard and returning, whispers to the judge the number of stars he saw. If the number is correct, the judge nods yes and the player then touches off the next runner in his line, who repeats the performance. The first contestant takes his place at the end of the line. When all have run, the group whose last man returns first to the original position, wins. Anyone making a mistake in his count of the number of stars on the cardboard must go back and count again, which, needless to say, really complicates matters.

**The Coughing Chorus.** The players are seated in a circle, the leader standing in the center with a light wand or baton in his hand. Each member is given a number and asked to select a favorite song to sing or piece to speak. The leader calls a number and the one having been assigned that number must cough, and then do her stunt by singing or speaking through her nose as if with a cold. The leader may interrupt at any time by calling another number, but when he calls the number three, which has not been given to anyone, each player must begin on his or her stunt and all must continue until the leader calls another number. If any player forgets to begin doing her stunt when the number three is called and the leader taps that member with his baton before she can begin singing or speaking, then she exchanges places with the leader, who takes the player's number and also her place in the circle.

**Balloon Badminton.** Divide the guests into two groups of equal size. Ask each group to select four of its members to represent its side in the game. Stretch a string across the center of the room about five feet from the floor, and between the two groups. The umpire tosses four toy balloons (two green and two red), into the air over the string and the quartette of players on each side tries to keep the balloons on the opposite side of the string by batting them back and forth with the palms of their hands. If a balloon falls, the side on which it falls loses five points each time a balloon hits the floor, while the other side scores five points. The hostess may set a time limit or a point limit upon the game.

**Christmas Letters.** Take a complete alphabet of four-inch letters cut from heavy red paper, and cut

*(Continued on page 38.)*

by LOIE BRANDOM



NANA WASN'T feeling sorry for herself because she was having to eat breakfast alone—she sometimes liked solitude. But not *today!* It made her sad to think there would be no hustle and bustle this Christmas Eve. No excited scurrying about, no good-humored bickering over last-minute chores, no starry-eyed youngsters trying to guess what Santa would bring. A soft rustle of silk made her turn.

"Mmm," Helen purred sleepily as she pushed open the swinging door into the breakfast room. "Are you the only one up, Mother? What time is it, anyway?"

Nana didn't mean to sound disapproving. "It's after nine o'clock," she answered, admiring her daughter's taffeta housecoat. What would Joe have thought if she had appeared for breakfast in such an outfit? The idea of such a thing made her chuckle in amusement.

Helen raised her eyebrows inquiringly as she signaled Rosie in the kitchen to bring her coffee.

"I've just been sitting here thinking about the Christmas Eves when you children were little—and feeling homesick for them," Nana said dreamily, resting her chin on her hand.

"Heaven forbid," murmured Helen, gratefully accepting her coffee from the grinning maid. It was too early for her to show much enthusiasm—pro or con—Nana thought understandingly. She wanted to believe that all her children remembered their childhood Christmases with as much nostalgia as she.

"There were so many things to be done, and never enough time nor children to do them all! Besides, you were all so excited over Santa Claus and what you would find under the tree, you couldn't do your little jobs with much concentration."

It was true. Nana remembered regretfully that she often resorted to scolding in order that the house be made clean and neat; the last pie and cake baked; the endless



Both the girls ran to her eagerly. Jean dropped to the floor at her feet, her eyes dancing, while Boopsey stood beside her, leaning warmly against her shoulder.



# Christmas Eve

*A Story by*

HENRIETTA FORBES

errands run. Never had she, herself, been able to get into bed until after midnight. When the children were finally coaxed into being still and quiet long enough to give Morpheus a chance, she and Joe were left alone to play Santa Claus into the wee small hours.

But what fun they had! Even when she had been so tired that she felt she would never again be rested, she would have that little inner glow which only Christmas would bring.

The last thing before going to bed, Joe would bring the big Bible, worn from much handling, and read aloud the story of another Joseph, and of Mary, and of the night when the Christ child was born. They were simple folk, too—and poor. But after almost two thousand years the wonder and beauty of the first Christmas still brought peace to troubled hearts and hope and joy to saddened spirits.

Nana stirred uneasily. She was feeling no glow now. That was wrong—wrong. It wasn't because she didn't want it, nor because Christmas was being ignored at Helen's. Quite the contrary. She had never seen money spent so lavishly; such infinite care taken in planning the minutest detail; such an endless shopping list for gifts; and such quantities of food.

Everything, though, was done

with such cool precision! No confusion; no second and third trips back to town for forgotten gifts; no hustling about to earn extra spending money; no burning of the midnight oil, wearily finishing little doll clothes, or putting the last dainty stitch on a gay flowered kimono.

Oh, well, Nana had to admit that everything had been beautifully organized. Helen certainly understood the value of organization. But hadn't she lost something in her mechanized efficiency? There was nothing at all to mark this day as being different from any other day. If there were only a few last-minute packages to wrap, or a cake to ice, or a few errands to run!

After her first cup of coffee, Helen seemed to come to life. "Mother," she began, leaning on the table and smiling the way she did when she was going to ask a favor, "do you mind if Roy and I go to a dinner party, tonight? You and the children can . . ."

Nana looked at her daughter in utter amazement. Go to a dinner party on Christmas Eve? . . . Away from home? . . . Leave the little girls with only their grandmother?

"Why—I—" she stuttered, a worried frown creasing her forehead.

The expression of annoyance on Helen's face was almost too fleeting for Nana to notice. "If you

would rather," she suggested, "I'll ask Rosie to stay, so that you'll be free to—"

"Oh, it isn't that, honey," Nana assured her quickly. "You know I'll love staying with the little girls. I guess I was just a bit surprised that—"

Helen laughed in relief. "Now, Mother," she said teasingly, "be your age! You know as well as I do that Christmas isn't the same as it was when you and Dad had five little savages to feed and clothe. And on Dad's salary, too! I don't see how you did it."

A tender smile softened Nana's face. "I don't either, sometimes," she agreed, a faraway look in her eyes. "But, somehow, we managed. Of course, you children never had the things at Christmas that Jean and Boopsey will find under the tree in the morning."

"You said it, Nana," Roy broke in as he appeared in the doorway. Running his big fingers through his already rumpled hair, he muttered pleasantly, "Kids have too much, nowadays." "Rosie!" he roared. "How about a whole gallon of coffee for the old man? Black coffee this morning!"

"What d'ya mean—black?" chided Helen, pulling a chair beside her for her husband. Nana thought they made a very handsome pair—even in their informal attire.

Roy grunted.

"Watcha say, Nana? Are you all set for Christmas? Do you have my socks finished?"

Nana smiled at him. She was fond of this son-in-law of hers. She wished that she had knitted something for him—in spite of Helen's objection. She shouldn't have given in so easily when Helen insisted that she just make out a list of what she would like to give to everyone and then forget about it. Once upon a time, she had dreamed about having someone do all her shopping for her, take the burden of extra cooking off her tired shoulders, and make her forget that the piggy bank would be pathetically empty after Christmas.

But, now that her dream had come true, it was flat and tasteless. Helen had shopped tirelessly, and



then spent hours wrapping Nana's gifts along with her own. But, Nana's name on the tags was the only part of her to go along with the gifts. And even her name was written in Helen's beautiful handwriting!

With an effort she tried to shake off the mood. "Wouldn't you be surprised if you found a pair of hand-knit socks under the tree in the morning?" she asked Roy, smiling as she handed the sugar across the table to him.

"Boy—and how!" he agreed, dipping his spoon deep into the sugar bowl. "And a gorgeous lavender fascinator for Helen."

"—and a pair of red wool mittens for each of the girls," Helen chimed in, her eyes twinkling

"Well, Mother, tonight you can tell the little cherubs all about how you used to plan and scrape and labor for weeks before Christmas for your five little beasts."

That is just what she did. When she noticed the forlorn expression on Jean's face as they all tramped behind their mother and daddy toward the door, Nana wanted to cry. As soon as Helen and Roy were out of the house, she would sit down and tell stories to the little girls for as long as they would listen.

Boopsey must have felt that something was lacking. "Oooo, Mommie," she squealed with a pathetic effort to be excited, "let's light the candles!"

Looking proudly at the arrangement on the mantel, all silver and blue, Helen had shaken her head. "Not tonight, darling," she said, rumpling the blonde curls. "They're for in the morning. Tonight, you can enjoy the tree lights. Don't you think they're lovely?"

"Yes'm," Boopsey agreed reluctantly, looking from the unlighted candles to the tree blazing with electric lights. "But, I want—"

"Boopsey," Jean cried, her eyes widening in excited anticipation, "don't you want me to play par-cheesi with you? Huh?"

Bless her heart! Jean was the older, and definitely had a maternal feeling for her younger sister. Nana watched Helen's face anxiously. She hoped that just this once. . . .

But, "No, no, honey," Helen interrupted the plans quickly, handing her coat to Roy to hold for her. "Let's not get any games out tonight and scatter them about the room. You want Santa to find everything beautiful and neat, don't you?"

After they had gone, Nana's heart felt a little heavy as she watched her two grandchildren looking about them uncertainly. They were wonderful children to give in to their mother's suggestion without a complaint. Jean wandered over to the tree and touched a little silver bell with an extended forefinger.

"Jean!" Boopsey warned. "You know what Mommie told us!"

**Life, like every other blessing,  
derives its value from its use  
alone**

**Samuel Johnson**

**NANA WANTED TO CRY.** This was *Christmas Eve*—a special time for children—a special time for everybody! The house should be ringing with excited childish voices. Delicious odors of fruit cake and roasting turkey should be mingling with the fragrance of fresh cedar. There should be whispering behind closed doors, and singing and laughter.

"Come over here, darlings," she invited. "Wouldn't you like for Nana to tell you a story?"

Both the girls ran to her eagerly. Jean dropped to the floor at her feet, her eyes dancing, while Boopsey stood beside her, leaning warmly against her shoulder.

"Well—once upon a time, when your mother was a little girl—"

"Like me?" interrupted Jean.

"Or me?" chimed in Boopsey.

"Sort of in between," Nana decided, looking from one to the other. "Well, her daddy lost his job just before Christmas, and

there was such a little bit of money that her mother—"

"That's *you*, Nana!" Boopsey laughed, squeezing her arm affectionately.

"Yes, me! So, I was afraid that maybe Santa Claus wouldn't be able to bring all the things that my children wanted."

"But, Nana," Boopsey interrupted again, "Santa comes to see all good little children—doesn't he?"

Nana nodded quickly. "Yes, of course he does. But he is a wise old man. He won't bring bicycles and sleepy dolls with real hair to little children whose daddy isn't earning any money. He'll bring things they really need, such as fruit, or a pretty pinafore, or a school satchel."

Jean's expression showed that this was an entirely new thought. "But, Nana—why were you afraid that Santa wouldn't come at all? Didn't you know—?"

Nana was getting into hot water. "Oh, I didn't mean I thought he wouldn't come at all! But, I had wanted my little girls and boys to have the things they had been wanting so much."

Yes, they had really prayed for the things they wanted. Their mommie, she told them, had added to her prayers every night for weeks before Christmas, "Please, please, bring me a doll with real hair and blue eyes that will go to sleep."

So Nana asked her one night why she didn't try and forget what she wanted, and try to think of something she could make for her sister and all of her brothers, and give them for Christmas. After all, that's what Christmas really was—giving.

And would they believe it? Their mommie had really and truly forgotten about the sleepy doll. She began to work furiously, making cunning little marble bags with initials gayly embroidered in red on them. Nana showed her how to make a red cord out of embroidery thread to use for a drawstring.

"Did your other chillun make things, too?" Boopsey demanded, her eyes wide with interest.

*(Continued on page 47.)*



'Twas the day

*after* Christmas

**T**WAS THE DAY after Christmas, when all through the house, what a mess! The angel hair, icicles and pine needles were gradually making their way from the tree to the floor. The opened gifts were casually strewn around. The name tags from the presents could be seen sticking up between the davenport cushions to say nothing of the many wrappers from the chocolates. Even the kitten had contributed to the clutter by giving chase to a fallen ornament until it broke into pieces. The fireplace needed sweeping for it had been fed all the previous day with paper and tinsel.

In the kitchen the stove had to be cleansed; the candied sweet potatoes had boiled over. The refrigerator was full of leftovers and little dabs scattered here and there for which a place must be found somewhere.

These were Mother's immediate problems as she got up on December 26.

Dad had a few headaches too; the most pressing one being the fact that maybe half of his men in Shop 61 wouldn't come to work. Some of them were heavy drinkers and the holidays just afforded another excuse. He couldn't help but be concerned about their families as well. If it wasn't excess drinking then it was overspending. He was wondering how many would ask for a loan before payday. When would folk ever grow up and realize that Christmas is a sacred, holy day? Gifts are given to express joy and love, appreciation and friendship; thus they are in commemoration of the gift of the Christ child. So many of the men and their families simply made a rat race out of it, seeing who could outdo the other. Of course a lot of his men were not Christians, and then he remembered that even in his Christian home there had been some problems yesterday.

When Jim came home from college for the holidays, he was really growing up. He had the promise of fine manhood but he surely had been cross yesterday, wishing they had two cars in the family. Too bad they had to spoil Christmas by arguing over who could have it. Why did Jim always have to refer to the Smiths and the Browns and the Frenches who

all had two cars? He knew as well as Jim, that his salary was as large as those other men earned, but somehow he hadn't gotten it across to the family that there was a difference in values and for what one spends his money. Maybe they should have a family council. He ought to show them the budget and explain that it had to be divided among five people with the tithe to God and his church coming out first. Then there were the running expenses of the home, the over and above gifts, the car, insurance, savings, clothes, equipment, pleasure and recreation, the allowances for the children and Jim's college expense. It might be a good idea to talk over the family budget with the family. Maybe they would get away from their idea of keeping up with the Frenches and spend their energy and ideas making the household finances work.

Thus ran Dad's thoughts as he shaved and hurried down to breakfast on December 26.

Sue slept late, as was her custom when there was no school. Upon waking she, too, remembered what day it was. Ah! Yes, the day after Christmas. It had been such a swell day, too. She had one or two regrets—too bad she hurt the folks when she wanted to go off to Tom's house. He was such a good guy she would really like to go steady with him. It might be fun to go steady your senior year. Maybe it hadn't been such a good idea to open your gifts, tear off to Jane's and Carol's and show them off, then dash back for dinner, then off to Tom's house for the evening. She hoped Dad had helped Mom with the dishes. Of course there was Paul, the littlest brother. He had stayed home with the folks.

As she thought about it, her biggest regret was the way she had acted over that cashmere sweater. But Carol had gotten that luscious blue one—just the one she had wanted. Her mother's face looked so hurt when she had complained. Guess she had better crawl out and go downstairs and help Mother clean up the mess. The dinner Mother had cooked was surely super and when Dad offered the blessing at the table, it seemed like the Christ child was right there. She knew her pastor would tell her that neither the evening



**The great secret is not having bad manners or good manners or any other particular sort of manners, but having the same manners for all human souls**

**Bernard Shaw**

at Tom's, nor the cashmere sweater made Christmas, but rather the Presence of God in a Christian home. Better get up and go downstairs, Sue, you are a fortunate girl.

Thus ran Sue's thoughts as she stuck one leg out of bed, with the new pajamas showing, on the day after Christmas.

Paul was eleven with no worries on his mind. Christmas had been wonderful, for a shiny new bicycle was waiting for him in the garage. Besides that, the new jeans and the leather jacket would look neat and just right to wear that afternoon when he and his buddies went riding out to the edge of town. He mustn't forget to rake the leaves for Mrs. Smith. She paid pretty good and all his allowance had gone for Christmas gifts. It was sure worth it to see Mom's face light up when she unwrapped the pearls he had given her.

He bounded down the stairs just behind his dad, sliding quickly into his place at the breakfast table as such a boy would do on the day after Christmas.

'Twas the evening after Christmas when all through the house wafted the odor of warmed-up turkey and a family of five gathering around the dinner table. Heads were bowed as Jim returned thanks this time.

At first they reviewed the happenings of the day. Jim had gone to the library to work on a term paper, Sue had helped her mother but, more important still, they had had a talk about things that had been in their hearts. Paul was full of tales of the bicycle trip. Dad seemed terribly serious. Even mother wondered what was the matter with him.

There was silence, that funny kind of silence, and everyone turned toward Dad. Then Dad blurted out, "Were you all satisfied with Christmas?" Silence again, broken by Sue as she drew a deep breath and answered, "No." "No, I wasn't," she continued. "I acted badly about the cashmere sweater and running off to Tom's house." Jim chimed in, "I am sorry about the car, Dad, there are a lot of things more important than tearing down the highway on Christmas. It wasn't kind the way I referred to the Frenches, but I just can't see where all our money goes." "I didn't see anything wrong with Christmas," added Paul. "Of course, I wish you had stayed home long enough for all of us to have played with my new game."

Did Mother have any regrets? Well, she wished that a little less of the day had been spent in the kitchen but the wonderful experience of worship at the Christmas Eve Vesper Service, the joy around the Christmas tree and the enjoyment of her cooking by the family, plus the good talk she and Dad had had while he dried the dishes had somehow all made things even.

It was at this point that Dad suggested that following the doing of the dishes they hold a family council fire and explain the household budget. Jim added the idea that they plan now for next Christmas and Sue really glamorized the thought when she suggested that they prepare a scroll with all their plans, seal it away and open it on next December first, allowing twenty-four days for real preparations. Paul volunteered to make the scroll at his hobby club, Jim would write the manuscript and Sue would type it. Mother would seal it and hide it away.

The dinner dishes were whisked away in no time and a very interested Christian family sat down to plan the most significantly family day in all the year, for even God used the shelter of a home and the love of parents as a means to give the Lord Jesus Christ to the world.

First they discussed the family budget and decided that Mother and Dad were very wise in the way it was distributed. They had not realized how much they were giving to the church and the fact that some went to missions and some to the building fund. It made them realize how much they really had and how good God had been to them.

Paul brought them all back to Christmas when he suggested a Christmas savings fund to be started at the bank. After some juggling of figures and an estimate of what this Christmas had cost it was heartily agreed upon. Dad gave Paul a hug for bringing up such a helpful suggestion.

Then there was the business of the scroll! Systematic Jim insisted that they agree on topics or subjects and each fill in his own ideas and then adopt the ones they liked the best. After some discussion the following outline was made and filled in: (1) The amount of money to be spent from the family budget for the holidays, this to include Mother's and Dad's gift to the children, with the children determining what each would spend out of his own allowance; (2) How much time should be spent at the church during the holiday season; (3) Plan for Christmas Eve; (4) Plan the activities of Christmas Day determining the use of the car, visits to friends and the company to be invited for the day; (5) Plan a dedication of the Christmas tree and a service to be held around the breakfast table on Christmas morning; (6) Agree that gifts will be bought in keeping with income and allowances; (7) Agree not to go in debt because of excessive competition among friends.

Paul got terribly sleepy and started off to bed commenting as he went that he didn't know what all those big words meant but that "scout's honor" (being a brand new tenderfoot) he would live up to it.

It was a wonderful evening such as they would long remember. Jim and Sue slipped out the front door to put the car away; perhaps to ride a few extra blocks. Mother and Dad sat on the davenport holding hands, no need for words; they understood each other so well.

'Twas the night after Christmas when all through the house reigned the peace of God upon his children.



# STUDY GUIDE

## on "A Home Finds the Community"

### I. The Actual Situation.

1. Discussion of the Article. Set the stage for discussion: Through working out a dramatic skit; use it as a panel; or have it reviewed by a parent and a youth.

2. The Family Today. Discuss the modern family. Explore such questions as: When is a family a family? How does the family today differ from fifty years ago? How are families achieving unity and common purpose? What help is the church giving families in understanding themselves? Is the community helping in this?

3. The Modern Community. Have each person describe the community from which he came. Compare with your community now.

### II. The Mutual Interplay of Family and Community.

1. Consider the function of the family in shaping the community. Is the point of view of the Allen family, in the article, sound? Do you agree with the ideas in the quotation Mr. Allen gave? Does a Christian family have some special responsibility for changing the community?

2. Consider the function of the community in changing the family. How important are the following characteristics of a community as given by Baker Brownell? (a) A group of neighbors who know one another face to face; (b) a diversified group as to age, sex, skill, function and mutual service; (c) a co-operative group in which many of the main activities of life are carried on together; (d) a group having a sense of group identity and solidarity; (e) a rather small group, such as a family, village or small town, in which each person can know a number of others as whole persons, not as functional fragments. If, whether recognized or not, these are essentially sound, is there not a subtle and continuing influence exerted?

### III. Types of Programs in Which the Family Can Share.

1. Community-centered church programs. "The growth of union and federated churches is a natural outgrowth of the expanding outreach of the church into the community." Are the churches in your community making such an outreach? Make a study of the various groups in your church and see how many non-church members there are who are working regularly. Is this evidence of community outreach?

2. Functional community gatherings. Such campaigns as the Community Chest have a welding influence on the community. Tragedy comes to the community,

and immediately there is a rallying of concern which unifies the community. The publicity concerning all such enterprises comes into the home through press, radio, and TV and have their influence on the family. "The Big Snow" in Cleveland is a case in point.

3. Programs fostered by religious groups. The programs of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. and councils of churches and the following are illustrative. Drives for

### IV. How the Family Can Become Increasingly Effective

1. Through the family forum or council. Here is the actual beginning of democracy. Arthur Holt said, "If we cannot keep real democracy in the home and in the church we will not long maintain it anywhere." In how many homes are the basic decision of the family shared by the children? Have the families in your group been given any guidance regarding this democratic procedure?

2. Through creating sensitivity concerning these matters which are important in the life of the entire community. Very worthy causes can be "damned by faint praise." Things which find their way into the normal conversation in the family usually find their way into the life of the family. Approval or condemnation are often passed along to children by the careless conversation of parents at the table and in the home.

3. Through sharing in promotion and leadership. Was the father right when he said, "Children know how important things really are to us by the way in which they are made a part of our regular schedule and by the amount of time, thought, and money we give them"? If Mrs. Ghormley talked in her home as she did to Mrs. Allen, would her family ever volunteer for community service?

Does the church recognize sufficiently that its members are rendering Christian service when they accept leadership in community projects? A pastor and leading members plead with tears for a woman to give up her state-wide leadership that she might serve more fully in her local church, to which she had given years of time and effort. Is that typical?

In one community where important things had happened a man asked, "Are the people who do these things ordinary people like me or are they of a genus to be found elsewhere?" He needed the answer given by the Ogdens in connection with their reports of community achievement: "They believed that by thinking and working together on common problems those whose lives are affected can find solutions."

### V. Study Helps

T. T. Swearingen. *The Community and Christian Education*.

John A. Kinneman. *The Community in American Society*.

Baker Brownell. *The Human Community*.

Know Your Community. Bulletin No. 17. National Council of Churches.

E. W. Shrigley. *Our Community and the Christian Ideal*.

Ogden and Ogden. *Small Communities in Action*.

### When Children Come with You

When Children Come With You plan to have a leader who may: **Conduct a Story Hour.** Christmas stories are delightful and children never tire of hearing them. An excellent collection is *Told Under the Christmas Tree*, an Umbrella Book.

**Guide in Making Gifts or Decorations.** Christmas is a time of giving. Children love to make gifts for the members of their family and their friends. The leader may find suggestions for simple, but attractive, gifts to make in such books as *Do-It-Fun for Boys and Girls* by Mary and Dale Goss. Directions for simple Christmas tree decorations are in such books as *Holiday Craft and Fun* by Joseph Leeming.

**Lead in the Singing of Carols.**

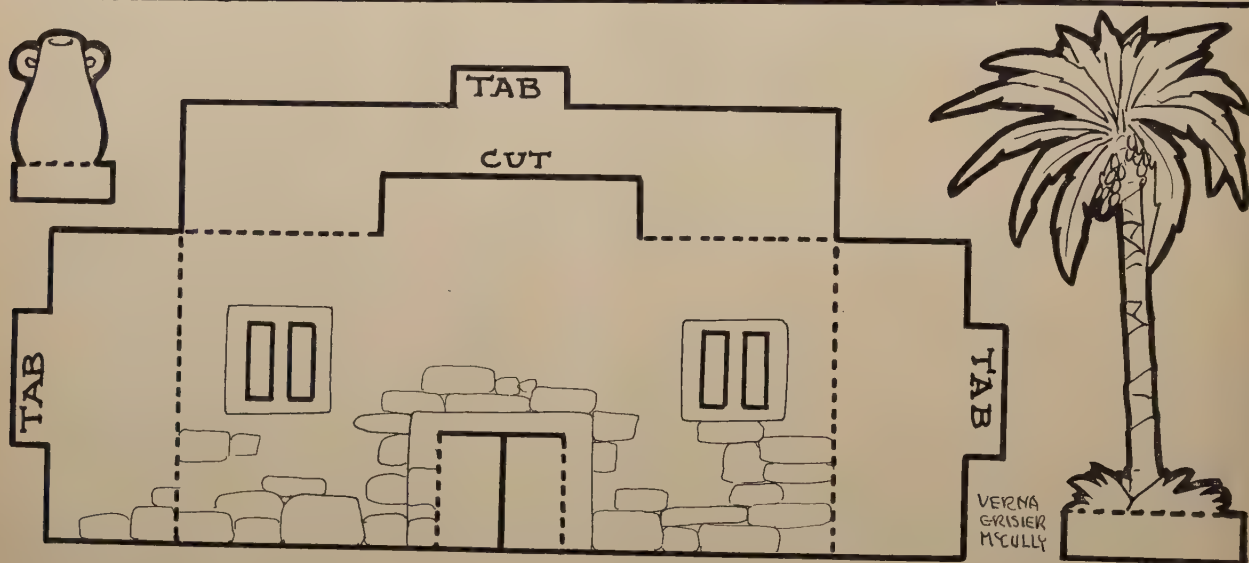
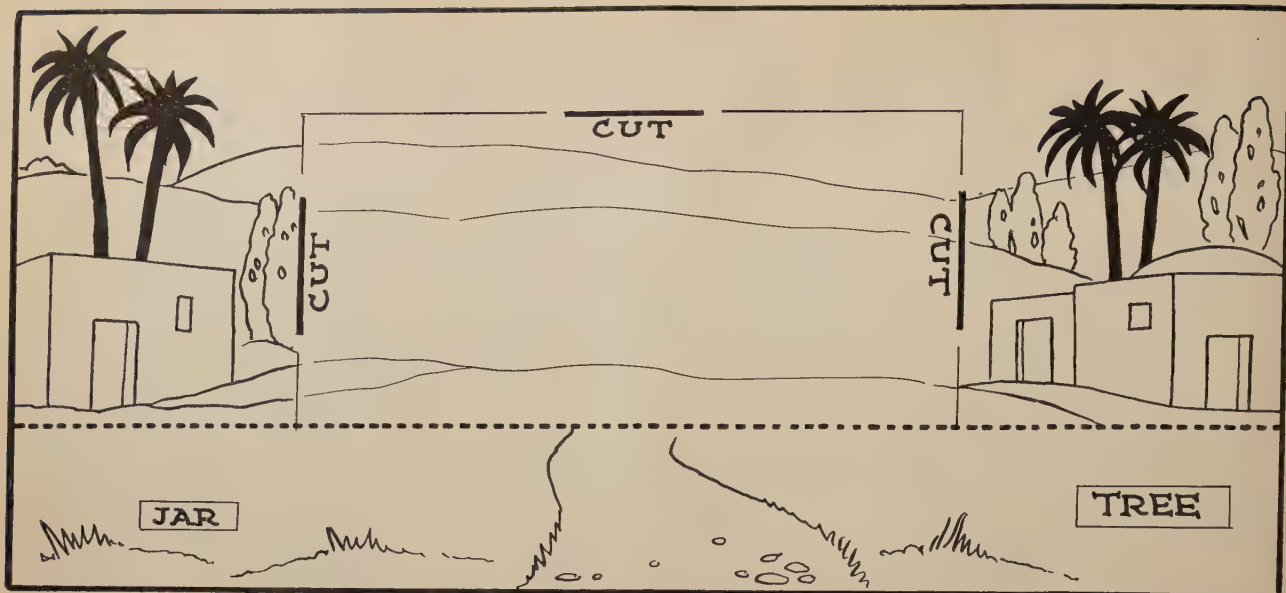
**Direct Games.** If you have time, a seasonal game or two might be played. Suggestions for games may be found in *Games for Boys and Girls* by E. O. Harbin.

association memberships of building campaigns; observance of such national celebrations as World Day of Prayer, and National Family Week; union church services of all sorts, seen perhaps most dramatically at Easter. Since these cut across denominational lines they have access to community-wide publicity and touch practically all the homes.

4. Programs promoted by secular groups for community improvement. The following list is suggestive only: Boy Scouts; P.T.A.; Clean-up Week; Health Week; community summer recreational programs; and various other programs originating in the public schools or civic groups.

by C. W. LONGMAN





## BIBLE LAND

*This will be fun to  
make for a present.  
Do you know a child  
Who is sick and who  
would like to play  
with these cutouts?*

by **VERNA GRISIER McCULLY**

**W**HEN you read the Christmas story, you hear about how Mary and Joseph could find no room at the inn. Perhaps the inn was something like the one in this picture.

Color the sky dark blue. Use crayon or paint. Make all of the buildings light gray or tan. The ground should be green. The path can be brown. Make the trees green. The jar should be brown.

On the scene, where it says *cut*, cut slots along the three heavy black lines. Then bend the bottom of the scene up along the dotted line.

Cut out the big inn. Be careful not to cut off the tabs. Cut the heavy black lines under the top tab, where it says *cut*. Cut up along the line at the center of the door. Then cut along the top of the door.





NN

Bend the ends of the inn back on the dotted lines. Bend the top back along the dotted lines. Push the three tabs through the three slots you have cut in the scene. Fold the doors open along the dotted lines. Stand the tree and jar where the words *tree* and *jar* are. Your inn will stand up like a real little inn.

The pictures show Mary and Joseph. You can make believe they are coming near the inn on the first Christmas Eve. The sheep and lamb and pigeon and little birds will be there to greet them. You can color the pictures.

Make Mary's face and hands and Joseph's face and hands pale orange. Leave Mary's veil white. Make her robe blue. The little donkey should be gray. Gray is black paint mixed with water. Or rub black

crayon on very lightly. The saddle cloth is red and orange and other bright colors.

Joseph can have a green or brown cloak over an orange robe. Leave his headdress white. Make his staff and sandals brown.

Of course you will leave the sheep and lamb white. Make the pigeon brown or gray or purple. Red and blue would look nice on the two little birds.

Bend back the standards along the dotted lines. You can stand Mary and Joseph a little way from the inn, on the right side. Stand the pigeon, lamb, sheep, and birds at the left side of the inn. This makes a pretty Christmas decoration. Some child in a hospital would like to have the inn and figures as a gift. To make more figures, trace these, then cut them out.

## Family Fun for Christmas

(From page 29.)

each letter into two pieces. Mix all the pieces in one pile in the center of a big table. The guests gather around the table and at the starting signal each player secures a piece of a letter. The object then is to find the corresponding piece which completes the letter. The one first finding both pieces, and thus securing a whole letter, is presented with a fancy desk calendar.

**Red, Green or Silver** is a game in which any number of players may take part. Seat the guests in a circle with the leader in the center. Whenever the leader points to a player and calls one of the three colors mentioned, that player must name some article in the color designated before the leader can count ten, or pay a forfeit.

**Gifts for the Tree.** Seat the players in a circle. A leader standing in the center turns to a player and asks, "What will you put on the Christmas tree?" If the player answers by naming some object that begins with the letter *A*, then he may remain in the circle. The next player asked must name an object beginning with the letter *B*, the next player must name an object beginning with *C*, and so on. Sometimes almost everyone in the circle has been eliminated before they guess the catch in the answers.

The singing of Christmas carols always makes a nice finish for an evening of this kind.

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### Open Letter to My Son

(From page 6.)

and then stop. The time necessary to think to stop is called reaction time and is the same for all speeds, but you are approaching danger twice as fast at the higher speed and you are going to need four times as much space in which to stop after your brain tells your muscles to go to work. Sometime when you want a really gruesome fifteen minutes ask me to tell you about the two cars out West somewhere that hit head on at eighty-five miles per hour with seven young people in each car. No survivors. Only pieces of what were human beings a second before. *You can't win against speed.* We may get around to repealing the Constitution but no act of man can get set aside the law of kinetic energy.

I will always hope that you will never need to put into use what I am going to say now because I hope that your driving will be as accident free as mine has been. I say this in all humility because, according to statistics, I am now eighteen years overdue for a serious accident. One every twenty-two years, you know. (Pre-war statistics.)

**IF YOU** ever get into any difficulty, motor failure or an accident of any kind, please remember this: You are never any farther from home than the nearest telephone. Let me repeat: You are never any farther from home than the nearest telephone. If the

trouble is motor failure and you can't find and remedy the trouble, call us and I will see what can be done. If it is an accident, stay with it but ask that someone call home at once so we can do what we can to help. You have to remember that all accidents involving injury to persons or property damage beyond \$25.00 must be reported to the police. Don't let anyone talk you out of that. At a time like this always remember that the law and the representatives of the law should be regarded as your best friends. The worst possible thing that one can do is to try to evade responsibility by leaving the place of accident. You must remember that you have got to live with yourself the rest of your life. Don't rely on brakes and insurance. Brakes may fail at a crucial moment and while insurance may take care of the financial obligations of the owner, it can't bring back life or grow new arms and legs or erase the scars that result from contact with a windshield. I could go on and tell you about the cost in life and suffering and dollars that we pay for the privilege of moving so freely over the roads of our great country, but I am afraid that would be wasted effort on my part. I can remember when I was your age your grandfather, who was my high school principal, looked at me rather sadly and said: "William, I am convinced that you know more than I do." Because I was your age, I was quite sure that he was right. If I told you the same thing, I am sure you would agree with me. You will have to learn all these things for yourself. I only hope that the learning won't be too painful for you or too expensive for the insurance company.

Use the good brains that God has given you. Those, with the high degree of coordination that you possess, will do more than anything I can say in a letter of this kind. We used to say in flying that any landing you could walk away from was a good landing. I suppose that is also true of an automobile trip. Good luck and good judgment, Son, and happy landings, and may you live long enough for your life insurance to become an annuity.

Your Dad

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### *To a Mother's Rueful Gaze*

With what abandon dog greets boy,

Leaping upon him for all he's worth!

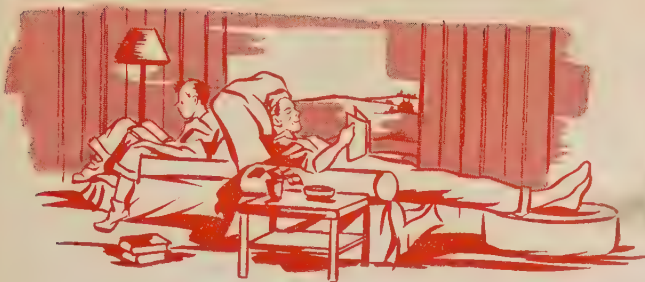
Here's evidence of a heaven of joy—

Liberally mixed with earth!

---

MAY RICHSTONE





## Books for the Hearth Side

"In a big family there is so much to do to keep the household running smoothly that no one person can do it all. Everyone helps. Each one has his own important task. And so in earth's big family every creature, knowingly or not, is helping to do the necessary work of the world." . . .

"Each creature loves its life as we do ours. It loves the earth and the sun and each new day. We must let them live or we shall be alone in a silent world, and lonely for the singing of birds and the flash of their wings, for the chirping of insects and the swift running of wild feet."

These two quotations taken from the first and the last chapters, respectively, of the book **Let Them Live** by Dorothy P. Lathrop (The Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y., 80 pages, \$2.00) give a good insight as to the content of the book. The author has shown how every creature contributes to the interdependence of all life on earth. Her purpose has been to instill within young readers the appreciation and love of insects, birds and animals so that they will have a concern for their continuing life.

The full-page black and white illustrations are beautiful. This is a book that will be used by nature lovers of all ages.

A delightful reading book for primary boys and girls is **Lucky Days for Johnny** by Irene Smith, illustrated by Kurt Wiese (Whittlesey House, N. Y., 64 pages, \$1.75). This is the story of a boy in the second grade at school and his adventures from Friday until Monday, over one week end. There is a great deal of humor, which pleases young readers, and the illustrations are very well done.

**Behold Your Queen**, by Gladys Malvern (Longmans, 218 pages. Price \$2.50) is a novel based on the Book of Esther. It follows the biblical story quite faithfully in the known details. In addition it makes the heroic Esther a living and vital figure by providing abundant background information about the times which the Bible leaves out. The author has done a careful job of research which gives a note of authenticity to her story. The attractive end papers have been drawn by the author's sister, Corinne Malvern, well-known illustrator of children's books.

Loves of dogs and dog stories will take keen delight in **Windruff of Links Tor**, by Joseph Chipperfield (Longmans, Green, Inc., New York, 305 pages. Price, \$3.00). The setting for this story of an Alsatian puppy stolen from its kennels and raised by a fox is in the wild moors of western England. In spite of his wild upbringing by a vixen whose own cubs were killed Windruff, after many thrilling adventures, is won back to ways of domesticated dogdom by his former youthful master. The illustrations are done by Helen Torrey. Old Brock, the badger who also lives on Links Tor, is the philosopher-observer of the book and is in himself worthy of a story of his own. Written for twelve- to fifteen-year-olds this novel of animal life will interest many others.

A much different approach to the romance of school teaching is presented in **Miss Willie**, by Janice Holt Giles (Westminster Press, Phila. 268 pages. Price, \$3.00). Piney Ridge, Kentucky, is the scene of Miss Willie's labors where she fulfills her early dream of becoming a missionary. The dream had been shattered by home duties that kept her

shackled until she was forty. In the need of the hill folk for "book larnin'" she found the satisfaction which she lost in her routine life as a teacher in El Paso. There is a judicious handling of the uncouth, unkempt, and unpleasant aspects of hill country living and the independence of character, the confidence and sense of the permanent in the people themselves. This book will provide several evenings of quiet enjoyment for the older members of the family.

A schoolteacher's romance in frontier Iowa of the 1860's provides the plot, the place, and the time of **Winter Wedding**, by Martha Barnhart Harper (Longmans, Green, New York. 266 pages. Price, \$2.50). It is the story of a young Pennsylvania schoolteacher whose fiance did not return from the Civil War and who sought a new life for herself. The author writes of one of her own ancestors in telling the story of Belle Barnhart who found that life does pick itself up after all when given half a chance. Older girls will like this biographical novel especially but many others will also read it with interest and appreciation.

E. O. Harbin, expert on games and recreation, is probably read by more persons than any other author in this field. He now has a new book for younger groups entitled **Games for Boys and Girls**. (Published by Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, New York-Nashville. 160 pages. Price, \$2.00.) Here are many games for many occasions, both new and familiar, though the latter are often given a new and different twist. Parents will find it useful at home, leaders of children in the church can use it, and best of all the boys and girls themselves can use it to plan their own good times. It is cleverly illustrated by Karl J. Murr.

A new Little Golden Book that will please all children is **A Day at the Zoo**, by Marion Conger (Simon and Schuster, unpagged, 25 cents). The story tells of a summer day when Molly and her daddy go to the Zoo. They visit the various cages, and find that there are baby animals in many of them.

The things Molly and her father do and see will be familiar to children who have visited a zoo. For children who have not had this privilege, the book will be fascinating. Tibor Gergely's illustrations are charming.

Too many Americans take for granted the blessings of our great land and the freedom it affords. **Johnny Texas**, by Carol Hoff (Wilcox & Follett, 150 p., \$2.75), tells of the vastness, the adventure, the excitement and pathos that was the lot of the early settlers. While this is a story of German-born Johnny and his happiness in his new Texas home, it is also an account of early Texas history. Moreover, it is a warm story of family life; of an understanding, generous, gallant father, a fearful but loving mother, and of the love and protective feeling Johnny felt for baby sister Clara. No one can read the book without a deeper understanding of what America means. The black and white illustrations by Bob Myers are delightful and add much to the story. This book won the Charles W. Follett Award for children's literature for 1950. It is a good book for family reading.

Here are three very interesting and very wholesome stories for young people. **Sleeping Mines**, by Gertrude E. Finney (Longmans, Green, Inc., New York. 241 pages. Price \$2.50) tells the story of Susan Claremore, a college junior, who sought out the mines which her prospector father had discovered just before his death. Although the leading character is a girl this reviewer believes that most boys will enjoy this novel as much as girls for it is full of exciting outdoor life and adventure with a minimum of frills. The author knows her mining country and the mountains where mines abound.

Children who like horses will enjoy **Playland Pony**, by Esther K. Meeks (Wilcox & Follett Co., unpagged, \$1.00). The story tells about all the exciting things there were to do in Playland. Of them all, riding the ponies was the best fun. Ginger was the children's favorite. But one day Ginger was gone, and the children were worried. When she returned it was with a happy surprise for all of them. The lovely illustrations by Mary Miller Salem add to the attractiveness and interest of this book.



# Family Counselors

**Questions:** I have a neighbor whose six-year-old daughter has just had a most embarrassing experience in Sunday school. The primary class was studying a missionary project, and the teacher asked each child to earn some money to bring for the project. My neighbor does not believe in paying her child for home tasks, so suggested that the little girl take part of her allowance. However, the teacher refused to accept the money unless it had been earned, and unless the child could tell how she had earned it. When the same thing happened on the second Sunday, the little girl felt so bad that the mother told her she need not go to that Sunday school again. Don't you think she did the right thing under the circumstances? Or do you think the teacher was right to ask the children to earn the money so that it would really be their own to give?

**Answer:** I think I will have to disagree with both the teacher and the mother in their handling of this situation. I can understand that the teacher wanted the children to "give of themselves." However, it would seem that primary age children are too young to be required to earn their money, and report about it. That would be fine for junior or junior high boys and girls. The appeal would have been just as personal if she had asked them to give up something they would ordinarily buy (candy or ice cream) or save part of their allowance. Little children of that age respond so generously

**Dorothy  
Fault**



and wholeheartedly to the appeal to sacrifice if led wisely.

Too, I feel the teacher was wrong to embarrass the little girl. We who work with children must always be careful to treat them with dignity and understanding. Jesus himself showed us how to do that.

Next, it seems to me that the mother should have explained personally and privately to the teacher the reason for the little girl's contribution from her allowance. Perhaps part of the misunderstanding came from the fact that the child herself did not explain sufficiently.

Finally, if the teacher still persisted in her plan, the mother could easily have found some way for the child to earn a little money outside of, or in addition to, the usual family tasks. She need not have changed her general policy. Perhaps this would have been a good



**Elizabeth  
N.  
Jones**

opportunity to show the child the difference between tasks that are done as part of family responsibility and routine, and others that can be done in addition to earn a bonus, or as extra help for the family.

Incidentally, this problem shows the tremendous need for close cooperation between the home and the Sunday school in planning the religious training of children. If plans had been discussed in advance, both the teacher and the parent would have known what to expect, and a little child would not have been embarrassed.

E. N. J.

**Question:** Is it necessary to go to church to be a good Christian? I get my family ready for church and, by the time they have left, I'm too tired to get ready myself. I try to live a good Christian life, though.

**Answer:** We all know men and women who act as Christians, call themselves Christians, and yet do not actively support a church. But aren't we all better Christians when we go to church? Aren't we all trying to be the best Christians we can be? Let's think of some of the reasons we go to church: (1) We go for our own spiritual enrichment. We receive a different kind of spiritual growth and experience when we worship publicly with other Christians than when we worship privately, valuable though personal devotions are. Jesus himself went to the synagogue regularly to pray. If he felt the need and importance of doing that, how much more do we need it! (2) We go to learn interpretation of God's word. Sometimes our own interpretation and application are colored by our own problems and environment. (3) We go to show publicly our acceptance of Christ, and our desire and willingness to support the work of his church. (4) We go to show others, and especially our children, that we feel public worship is important.

If your family is old enough to go to church alone, I should think they would be old enough to help get ready. Perhaps you need a family council meeting to talk over how they could help. Perhaps



your weekly schedule needs rearranging so that you and your family prepare yourselves for church spiritually and mentally as well as physically.

E. N. J.

**Question:** Please advise me how to be *unself-conscious*. Walking down the street or at work I feel someone is watching me. I can always find fault (to myself) of anything I say or do, and I am so sensitive, not wanting others

to be hurt (and trying not to feel that others hurt me). I like your column.

**Answer:** Perhaps my answer to this letter ~~will~~ appear a little harsh. I hope not, for it seems that very often such self-consciousness as is described above is the direct result of overattention to one's self, perhaps even an inflated ego with the attendant fear that people will not hold as high an opinion of you as you do yourself.

### *Essentials for Real Happiness*

The more I read over the following letter the more I realized that it carries the necessary requirements for effective reconciliation in marital situations.

I hope the reader will go over it carefully to get the full significance it carries; it has a common-sense message that is worth reading. Very often a little homely philosophy is more practical than a great deal of theory.

Thanks to Mr. C. L. H. for his letter and that he was willing to have it used for the benefit of others.

D. F.

"Dear Family Counselor:

"I want to tell youse that I never miss a word of your writing in the paper. Me and my wife like it. Me and my wife are happier than others youse know cause we's gona make go. I don't believe in quits for any man and his woman. We've been married for a long time and good years too but we started it knowing to stay forever. I sez to my dame when we got tied, whenever we feel like fussin we're gona set down. That's just what we do. We set down and look each other in the faces square and youse can be sure we hash up everything from bottom up. Remember all the time we're setting down sos we're on equals. I'm not standing over her and she's not standing over me neither. Sometimes we have to set and talk maybe hours but don't youse see we gotta make a go of this here marriage and by gum we're gona make her work. We aint got enough to get a high paid person to set with us but sometimes we sorta ask God to pull us together closer and he seems to hear. The trouble with people is they don't wanta be happy and make others happy. Me and my wife are happy to get helped by what you write. We read them together. Me and my wife don't have religions and educations much but God pity them that never sit down together. Youse might tell your people if they really mean business I think that God might help'm but say youse gota stick to business cause He don't fool if you can't bring everything up from the bottom in that honest way before real happiness she come to stay. May God he bless youse always. We just wanted to tell youse we are happy, and the reason why."

C. L. H.

Or it may grow out of a feeling of inferiority which can spring from many sources. But whatever the reason for such a feeling, it is quite clear that the thing to do is to "get out of yourself."

You can do this through right direction of your thought. Instead of thinking of yourself as you walk down the street and of what others who are watching may be saying about you (which is really quite a selfish attitude) concentrate upon various objects as you walk along. See how many shades and colors of flowers you can count as you walk from one place to another. As you meet people on the street, look directly at them, fix the image of a face in your mind and try to read the kind of character that person may be. Or if you cannot find objects upon which to pin your thought, imagine that the Master is walking beside you. Without moving your lips carry on a conversation with him. Or yet again, memorize passages of poetry or scripture and repeat these to yourself as you walk along. The point is, quit thinking about yourself; think about other people and other things. Then self-consciousness will take care of itself.

So far as hurting or being hurt is concerned, this too stems from the same type of attitude. Try to do the courteous and gracious thing toward everyone you meet. Exert yourself to smile heartily, genuinely and often. Don't be afraid of adjectives if they are good about someone else or his ability. Never fail to compliment another either to his face or behind his back. And when your own feelings are hurt, seek something that is good in the one who has hurt you and tell him how you appreciate that particular quality. Try to do something kind for the one you think has harmed you.

If you are constantly doing for and thinking of others you won't find time either to think about yourself or to imagine what others may be saying about you. Neither will you have time to bother with some little hurt that has come your way.

D. F.

## Religion Is More Than Worship

(From page 10.)

have toward Christ. Find a home that is truly Christian and you have found one in which the parents have taken into their innermost selves some of the same spirit of God which was in Christ. God has come to them and dwells in them so they are different from the ordinary person whose love of self and material power and possession keeps God far off. God in your mother, in your father, means that your parents infuse ordinary human relations with divinity. That is why parents of this sort can love you and forgive you—and

always have—even when you disappoint them and fail to honor God.

Blessed is the young person whose parents live as brothers with all men of all classes and conditions. Blessed is the boy whose father holds no prejudice toward the mistreated races. And greatly blessed is the girl whose mother has no place in her thoughts and life for pride and superficial social status. For these are the parents with whom the growing children have unconsciously identified themselves. Whether the children and the parents know it or not, such Christian fathers and mothers are essential heroes. They are parents who are worthy to be imitated,

and so indeed they are. And this is good, for parents always and in some measure are imitated by their children. Because these parents are followers of Christ, they are pointing their children toward him who alone can make persons to be loving and sacrificial, devoted and Christlike. Their homes are not centers of unhappiness, of silent or open warfare, for they have become Godly homes. In them, human relations are elevated to worthfulness in which persons truly value each other. Thus it is that as this worthfulness is both felt and expressed daily by parents and children it becomes worship of the everliving and ever present God.

## What Your Child Knows About Christmas

(From page 2.)

On the second Sunday the children begin making Christmas gifts to share with others. During their time of worship they listen to Christmas music, pray together a simple prayer, and hear the story from the Bible telling about the night when Jesus was born. The next session continues in much the same way with added opportunities for enjoying the Christmas pictures and songs and for planning sharing experiences.

Kindergarten children are interested in the Bible, even though they cannot read it for themselves or understand most of it. Two simple verses are used with the children during the Christmas unit: "Jesus went about doing good" (Acts 10:38); "Let us love one another" (1 John 4:7). The teacher usually opens her Bible as she uses the verses with the children, and she also tells them that the Christmas stories she is telling them have been taken from the Bible. The story used in the second session is "When Jesus Was Born," based on Luke 2:1-7, and in the following sessions the stories of the shepherds and the wise men are also used.

The emphasis during the third and fourth sessions is on giving. The children plan and make surprises for their parents or their minister or some other friend. They hear a child-life story about other children who shared ("The Box of Christmas Surprises") and may plan to share their church school session with their parents on Christmas Sunday.

A fifth session is provided to help the children recall the happy time they had at Christmas and to provide further sharing experiences as they share both their memories and their new toys.

The six-year-old takes part in a unit of study called "When Jesus Came." Once again he is reminded that Christmas is the birthday of Jesus and should be observed in a happy and Christian way.

The first Sunday the story of the first Christmas (Luke 2:1-7) is told. Often the children arrange a crèche to which figures are added each week. They hear a lovely poem and learn a Christmas song. There

are also plans for sharing with parents, or perhaps a service project is undertaken.

The second session helps the children understand more fully the beauty and wonder of the first Christmas night. The baby Jesus is called "God's Best Gift to the World," an important new concept, and the story of the shepherds (Luke 2:8-20) is told.

Giving and worship are emphasized on the third Sunday in the primary class. The "Message to Parents" sent out at the beginning of the quarter contains suggestions for gifts that may be made at home for relatives and friends. This session has much more meaning for those children whose parents are following the suggestions. The story of the wise men, "Visitors from Afar," tells how they brought gifts to the Baby and knelt down and worshiped him.

**AN EVALUATION** lesson at the close of the Christmas unit is provided in the primary class, too. It is called "As Jesus Grew," and provides an opportunity for evaluating Christmas experiences as well as making Jesus more real to the children as they hear how he was cared for and how he grew into boyhood. The story, "Caring for the Baby Jesus," tells of the flight to Egypt, the return to Nazareth, and the growth of the boy Jesus.

The nine-year-old in the first-year class in the junior department is ready to add to his understanding of Christmas as it has grown from the nursery through the primary departments. For the first time he is interested in reading the Christmas story from the Bible rather than hearing a simplified version told by the teacher. He learns of the longing of the Jewish people for a Messiah and reads some of the passages expressing hope and longing in the Old Testament. Most important of all, he is ready to do some serious thinking about problems that confront the Christian at Christmas. Thus the four-session unit is built around the idea of "Keeping Christmas Christian."

While the younger children are spending a great deal of time in carrying out meaningful activities,



the junior is provided more time for conversation, reading, and discussion which will lead him to thoughtful conclusions. The stories of the first Christmas and of the wise men are used again, but they have new meaning as the juniors study them for themselves from their own Bibles. Memory work is encouraged, but not required, by most teachers. Many juniors enjoy memorization, and those who did not learn the story from Luke in the primary department often do so during this unit.

The final session, which is presented the Sunday after Christmas, is called "Making Christmas Last." It provides an opportunity for the boys and girls to summarize what they have learned about making Christmas truly Christian and also helps them carry the spirit of Christmas into the new year.

No matter how excellent the teaching material or how conscientious and skillful the church school teacher, the child will not learn the real meaning of Christmas unless there is some recognition of it in the home. The things he learns in the one hour in church school on Sunday morning will seem unreal to him if he hears nothing about it during the week. Unfortunately the church school has become a place where children are "sent" and, in this sending, many parents feel they have discharged their spiritual obligation toward their children.

As religious educators have become more and more conscious of this problem, they have laid ever greater stress on the cooperation of the church and home in the religious education of the child. Some church schools refuse to enroll a child unless the parents will also enroll in a parents' class and will promise to do Christian teaching in the home. In most places, however, it is still up to the parent to take the initiative in finding out what is going on in the church school and then cooperate in every way possible. We parents will do this if we want our children to understand the real meaning of Christmas and carry that unselfish spirit into every phase of life.

## The Home Finds the Community

(From page 16.)

"Good for you, Mary," applauded Dad. "That's the right spirit. You made the gist of my report, too. For I've found there are many things in this town which are helping to make and keep it like we want it, and we can't have all the benefits and none of the work. There are the organizations such as the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., the Family Welfare Association, the Council of Churches. Each of these has an interest in boys and girls, and the home life of all of us. Most of them have religious programs for the individual members of families. I as a father, and we as a family, just naturally belong."

"But, Dad," queried Bill, "aren't you mixing religion in with a lot of things where it doesn't belong? Doesn't church on Sunday and our home devotions take care of our religion?"

"Let me try to answer Bill," suggested Mother. "Perhaps we have kept religion too separate from the rest of life. When Jesus said 'I have come that we might have life, and have it more abundantly,' do you suppose he was thinking of just one day or of just one organization? Wasn't he thinking of all those things which would enrich us and make our lives more truly worth while? I believe our religion ought to change our lives, and our communities, and that one test of its reality is whether it does that."

"In other words, Mother," interrupted Dad, "you are saying that individuals should be religious forces wherever they are, and that serving in some organization which is not really part of the church might be a way of helping religion change that organization, and the lives it touches."

"Yes," said Mother. "Our family ought to be a part of and help push all worthy things in our community, whenever possible."

"I get it," exclaimed Bill, "we all ought to be in there pitching and not just sitting in the sun in the grandstand."

## The Christmas Gift Everyone Will Cherish



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## Preparations for Christmas

(From page 7.)

2. Many felt articles were made one year from old felt hats. Decorative lapel pins in the shape of apples and owls were stitched around in blanket stitch and a tiny safety pin sewed to the back.

3. Relatives and friends at a distance liked the snapshot albums made from green and red bells and fastened at the top with Christmas ribbon. One snapshot was put on each page—the new home, the new baby, pets, and one of the whole family.

4. Bookmarks with religious pictures or seals pasted back to back with a strip of red ribbon between are easy for little fingers to make, slip easily into an envelope for mailing, and can be used all year.

5. Another gift easy for little tots to make was the needlebook in the shape of a small mitten. The covers were from wallpaper, the inside scraps from an old wool blanket. The sides were sewed with the machine.

6. Two sizes of cards were made from cardboard scraps from the printing office. The larger ones were used to write Christmas letters, the smaller ones for gift tags. Bells, candles, and so forth were cut by stencil patterns and colored with crayons. Even the three-year-old colored one for the grandparents. The Red Cross seal fastened the edges after the card was folded in two, so no extra envelopes were needed. Many times letters are mimeographed with messages from each one in the family, a brief résumé of the year's activities for those far away. This year we used penny post cards and green ink. With a toothbrush and a small piece of screen, Christmas trees on some and bells on others were spatter painted. We liked the bell better because the Merry Christmas message could be written on it in red. Even when the list numbers several hundred a brief greeting need not be expensive.

7. We make Christmas tree ornaments from popcorn balls wrapped in green and red cellophane. They are fastened to the branches of the tree with rubber bands and need no room to be stored, since they

can be eaten when the tree comes down. A few will be welcomed as gifts to be used on other trees.

Sometimes our tree is a large one on the floor. If that is too tempting for little fingers a small one on the buffet works all right. The best solution we've found is to put the tree in the play pen. The eighteen-month-old boy considered it a cage, anyway, and it was easy to arrange the presents around the tree inside the pen.

**The young man who has not wept  
is a savage, and the old man who  
will not laugh is a fool**

**Santayana**

The first Christmas baking is the fruit cake which is made early in November. It has become traditional to sample it for Daddy's birthday on the eighteenth, since it is his favorite of all cakes. Then it is wrapped in waxed paper or aluminum foil and put in a metal can with a tight cover to be undisturbed until Christmas. We have tried several recipes but this has been our favorite for the past ten years.

### Southern Fruit Cake

- 2/3 cup butter
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 4 eggs unbeaten
- 1 cup sour milk or buttermilk
- 2 cups berry jam
- 3 1/2 cups flour, using 1/2 cup to dust fruit
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon each vanilla, nutmeg, and cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon cloves
- 1 lb. raisins (boil 2 min. and drain)
- 2 cups walnut meats
- 2 cups mixed candied fruits

Bake 1 1/2 hours at 250 degrees. The cake is nice and moist; better the longer it has been made.

The cracking of nuts can be a family affair.

Another thing that should be made early is the peppernuts. I usually made mine following the Aid sale and bazaar because the

ladies usually sent home leftover cream. The children all helped, sampling a little dough now and then. If the entire recipe is not wanted one-half or less can be made. They are fine for gifts and when stored in two-quart fruit jars improve with age. One year we missed one jar until almost Easter when the cupboard was cleaned out. They were best of all. If a softer peppernut is desired an orange in the jar a few days will help. They are very hard and of good size and consistency to put in a boy's pocket for him to munch on while on a paper route.

### Peppernuts

- 1 1/2 cups butter or margarine
- 6 cups sugar (I used 2 cups honey for 2 cups sugar with good results)
- 24 cups flour (yes, 24)
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 1/2 each of cinnamon, cloves, mace, allspice, nutmeg, ground star anise
- 3/4 teaspoon ground cardamom
- 1/2 teaspoon black pepper
- 3 cups light corn syrup
- 3 cups cream

Cream butter and sugar, add syrup and cream. Mix well. Sift flour, spices, etc. I use the mixer as long as I can, then my hands. Shape into narrow rolls about 1/2 inch in diameter. Cut into small slices or tiny balls. Chill dough before baking. Bake in moderate oven (375 degrees) for 15 minutes. When brother helped he lined up several rolls side by side and cut across them all with a large knife.

**F**OR A CHRISTIAN family this is all secondary, but helps to make a festive setting for the celebration of the Christ child's birth. The real observance and preparation begins with the lighting of the first Advent candle. Many stories are read and told, songs learned, and records played. Help is given with the learning of parts for the Sunday school program. Although it is natural for children to look forward to receiving, they can learn the joy of giving. A visit to the old people's home with apples and peppernuts was a special project one year. Sister counted carefully



so that each bag should contain exactly forty peppernuts.

We try not to let school and community programs and affairs detract too much from the church and home celebration. Our home tree is a Christmas Eve affair, the smallest members in pajamas. Daddy reads the gospel, pieces learned for Sunday school are recited. Carols are sung and played on the piano, trombone and saxophone. The small children start distributing the gifts but are soon so busy with their gifts that older ones take over. Something to wear, something to eat, something to read, and something to play with are usually included. Now with a new record player, records for everyone will become a part of the family tradition at Christmas.

There is great joy for a family in planning and sharing Christmas. When the children have their own homes they will carry on the family traditions.

### Christmas in the Ukraine

(From page 21.)

memory of the living but also in memory of the dead. Before beginning to eat, the father of the family reads the Christmas story from the Bible and prays, asking God's blessing upon his household, the village, and the whole land. If you were to walk down a village road at such a moment and look into the windows of every hut, you could see people dressed in their best homespun and embroidered clothes and the flickering light of candles would throw happy shadows upon the joyous faces of children and grownups.

Later in the evening when supper is finished and the dishes cleaned up, everybody dresses warmly and the whole family goes to church for the midnight service. Father goes first with a lantern in his hand and the whole family follows him. The snow is crisp and the air is cool, a cold moon and silvery stars look down upon many family groups with swaying lanterns going down to church. One hears happy greetings called from one group to another. Everyone goes to his own church. The Greek Orthodox worship the newborn Babe in their church by the light

of flickering candles and the fragrance of incense and the Protestants worship in their small meeting houses also by the light of candles and the fragrance of pine trees.

A midnight service on Christmas Eve is one of the most thrilling experiences. The whole family hears the Christmas story read again, yet it has a new charm and a fresh attraction for every hearer. The congregation sings Christmas carols, and they are the same regardless of denominations or creed. The birth of Jesus Christ is celebrated!

In the Ukraine we celebrate Christmas for three whole days. In the morning of the first day everybody goes to church. In the evening there is a vesper service. Usually in the Protestant churches children take part in these services. They recite poetry, give all kinds of pageants, and sing.

In the evening of the first day of Christmas the caroling begins. When darkness envelops villages and towns, young people walk in groups from house to house and sing the old and well-known carols. You cannot only hear them but also see them. One of the group carries on a long stick a yellow

star. This star is usually made from some kind of transparent material and a lighted candle inside it makes the star appear like a real oversized one, moving over the heads of the happy singing youth. One not only carols during the three nights of the Christmas days, but continues to carol every night till the "Three Kings," a holiday two weeks after Christmas. All the evenings are called "Holy Evenings" during those two weeks. When the first star appears everyone stops work. In the villages people get together on those evenings, tell stories, sing, play different games and wait for the carolers, for now it becomes more and more interesting. At every house the carolers not only sing but also put on plays.

The plays are usually a combination of biblical and present-day scenes. In the little plays there are not only the traditional Christmas personalities like Mary, Joseph, the shepherds and the kings, but also present-day figures; there are very often some characters from Ukrainian history. The plays are never written. They are like folk tales or folk songs. Every year there is something added to



"We've been to the circus!"

them or changed. They are a living organism that grows and develops constantly. People give the carolers something for their work, and usually at the end of the Christmas season this makes possible a big party for all the young people in the community.

Just as in America, so in the Ukraine, we give gifts to our family members and friends. In spite of the difference of customs the spirit is the same, it is Christmas! It is a special holiday for children and families.

Now after World War II our land is behind the "Iron Curtain" and many of our people are scattered around the world. They have

been displaced and persecuted, and for many reasons have had to leave our native land. The most urgent reason was the search for freedom, which we could not find at home. Many of us have found new homes, yet many are still homeless this Christmas. Many Ukrainians and other Eastern European people are still in D.P. camps. And when the first star appears on Christmas Eve there will be many empty seats and lighted candles in our families. Their flickering light will throw shadows on people's faces not only in the Ukraine but in Australia, South America, the United States of America, Canada, Western Eu-

rope, and Indo-China. You will be able to find Ukrainians in every country of the world this Christmas.

As we pray at Christmas and thank God for everything he has given us, for new homes in foreign lands, for freedom that we have found, we will also pray for our friends and brothers in the snows of Siberia and for freedom in our native land.

We have a strong faith in our hearts that there will come a time when there will be peace and good will among men, freedom in our land and in all the lands where it is lacking.

## BIBLEGRAM

*By Hilda E. Allen*

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The black squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A. Sleeping compartment on a Pullman -----

71 95 37 67 89

B. To swindle or defraud -----

28 109 101 112 97

C. The doubting apostle -----

65 63 57 43 85 60

D. A small or odd job -----

40 82 90 56 83

E. A loud burst of laughter -----

80 72 74 115 69 77

F. To try to lure one to evil -----

88 110 47 55 81

G. To produce something new -----

52 86 100 84 104 62

H. Rather long, or too long -----

98 48 17 105 39 26 70

I. One score and ten -----

53 29 59 24 79 94

J. Sister of Lazarus and Mary -----

42 64 15 50 54 93

K. Midway between points -----

33 16 76 10 73 44 9

L. Glass house for growing plants -----

13 4 21 8 20 5 38 34

M. A small fib -----

25 22 27 7 61 75 30 14

1	2	3	4	5	6		7	8	9		10
11	12	13	14	15		16	17	18		19	20
21	22	23	24		25	26	27	28	29		30
31		32	33	34		35	36	37	38	39	
40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	
51	52	53	54		55	56	57	58	59	60	61
	62	63	64	65		66	67		68	69	70
	71	72		73	74	75	76		77	78	79
80		81	82	83	84		85	86	87		88
89	90	91		92	93	94	95	96	97		98
99	100	101		102	103	104	105		106	107	
108	109	110		111	112	113	114	115			

*Solution on page 47*

N. Between north and east -----

3 2 6 32 1 23 11 31 12

O. To make neat by clipping -----

108 113 66 92

P. A small fish -----

19 36 45 49 41 51

Q. That with which one thinks -----

58 78 107 18

R. Noisy -----

102 106 91 46

S. Tenth of a dollar -----

87 99 68 111

T. Downy or spongy; not hard -----

96 103 35 114



## Christmas Eve

(From page 32.)

"Yes. Now, let's see, Uncle Frank got a little job at the drugstore, helping out behind the soda fountain. The other boys all worked at the corner grocery store, delivering groceries after school and on Saturdays. They would bring all their money home and give it to me."

"Oh, Nana!" Jean almost sobbed in her distress. "Did you take your little boys' money?"

"Not all of it," Nana amended quickly. "They asked me to let each of them have fifty cents. Do you know what they wanted to do with it?"

"Buy candy!"

"Buy skates!"

They were fairly bouncing in their excitement. That was good. Nana had not wanted to make them sad—she wanted more than anything in the world to instill into their receptive little hearts a little of the true meaning of Christmas, which her own children had found.

"No," she told them, shaking her head. "They bought a wonderful Christmas gift for me, and one for their dad—and then made things for each other!"

Jean clapped her hands in delight. "What did Uncle Bill buy for you?" she asked. "What did he make for Mommie?"

Nana's eyes were soft with remembering. "Let's see, now. Uncle Bill gave me a grand potato masher. And for your mommie, he—he made her a little box to keep her hankies in, all painted red, with a cutout picture of a rose on the top."

"I wanna box to keep my hankies in!" wailed Boopsey.

"Oh, Nana," sighed Jean, "didn't all of you have fun? I wonder why Mommie hasn't ever let us make things like that. I bet I know what I could make for—for Boopsey."

She had leaned over and whispered the name behind her hand. Nana looked at her thoughtfully for a moment, thinking hard. An idea was beginning to take root.

Well, why not? It was only seven o'clock. Helen and Roy wouldn't be home for hours yet—and it wouldn't matter if the little girls stayed up late on Christmas Eve.

Helen had teased her about that box of silk scraps she insisted on keeping—but she didn't care. Now, just as she knew it would, it was coming in handy.

"I'll tell you what let's do," Nana said in a conspiratorial whisper. "We can go into my room and make some Christmas gifts yet! I have all sorts of beautiful scraps and thread—just the thing for a pin cushion—or whatever you want to make."

Jean sprang eagerly to her feet and grabbed Nana's hand. "Oh, Nana, come on! Boopsey, what do you want to make?"

Sitting cross-legged on the floor, the girls watched breathlessly while Nana cut two bells from a piece of cardboard

and showed them how to cover them with green velvet. Then, with a clapper cut out of white flannel, and a saucy little red bow at the top, mommie would have a handy little needle book for her sewing basket.

Next, an embroidery hoop was found, and Boopsey was given the job of winding ribbon around and around until it was completely covered. Daddy was going to have a tie rack such as he had never seen before!

Seven-thirty; eight; eight-thirty. The hands on Nana's little electric clock were racing. But so were the little fingers, busily snipping and folding, and taking

## Charity is a virtue of the heart, and not the hands

Joseph Addison

long, awkward stitches with bright-colored thread. There were some strangely shaped articles being made by two little girls with a deadline to meet. All the packages must be wrapped and under the tree before Mommie and Daddy came home, 'cause this was to be a surprise. Boopsey reminded Jean a dozen times.

Nana wondered which one of them was the tireddest—or the happiest—when the last clumsily wrapped gifts was placed conspicuously under the tree. Somehow, it seemed that the tree was more beautiful with Jean's and Boopsey's very own presents beneath it. The Christmas star fastened to the top shone with a new light, and the toy cows and sheep in the manger scene appeared to move a little to make room for the newcomers with their love gifts.

Hearing Boopsey sigh with contentment as she leaned against her sister's shoulder, Nana smiled tenderly. "Jean," she said, leaning down to pat the child's cheek softly, "why don't you tell Boopsey about the shepherds and wise men who followed the star, just the way you told it to me last night? Nana will go in and make us all a cup of hot chocolate."

While standing beside the electric range, carefully watching the pan of milk, not to let it boil, Nana felt the delicious ache of weariness. It was almost Christmas again—really Christmas.

Thinking she heard adult voices in the living room, she stopped to listen. It couldn't be Helen and Roy, surely, this early. They had said not to expect them before midnight.

Yes, it was. She could hear the hushed voices of the girls—the way they sounded when they knew a secret. Then Helen ran into the kitchen, her face wreathed in smiles.

"Oh, Mother," she cried softly, her voice sounding suspiciously tearful.

"What a wonderful thing you've done for the girls. They are positively starry eyed! Not, mind you, over what Santa will bring them—but over what they've made with their very own hands. Boopsey, bless her heart, let the cat out of the bag. There's something for Roy, something for me—and something for Nana, too, they whispered to me loudly enough for you to hear."

Nana choked up. The girls had made her turn around and sit with her back to them for almost an hour, while they whispered and giggled and sounded very, very busy.

"We've had a wonderful Christmas Eve, darling," Nana said happily. "I don't know when—"

Taking a spoon from the table, Helen tasted the hot chocolate daintily. "Mother," she began, obviously embarrassed, but trying not to show it, "Roy wanted to come home because he wasn't having a good time. But I wasn't, either. He said families ought to be together at Christmas time."

She paused for a moment, leaning against the wall, looking, Nana thought, like a Christmas card in her long red dress sprinkled with silver. "I think he wants to read some Christmas stories to the girls. Is—is it too late—are you too tired to help me make a cake?"

Nana turned her head quickly. "A cake?" she repeated in surprise. Why, there was more cake in the house than they could possibly use.

"Yes'm," Helen smiled self-consciously. "You see, I've got the fever, too. I want to do something for somebody. Roy has never tasted a lemon-cheese cake. I'd love to surprise him with something I made!"

Nana took a handkerchief from her apron pocket and turned her back to blow her nose. When she turned around, her eyes were misty, but there was a song in her heart.

"Of course I'll help you! It wouldn't seem right to get to bed on Christmas Eve before midnight!"

## BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

—Ephesians 6:2-3  
mayest live long on the earth."  
may be well with thee, and thou  
mandment with promise; that it  
mother; which is the first com-  
Honour thy father and

### The Words

A. Berth	J. Martha
B. Cheat	I. Thirty
C. Thomas	H. Lengthy
D. Chore	G. Invent
E. Heebaw	F. Tempt
O. Trim	R. Loud
N. Northeast	Q. Mind
M. White lie	P. Minnow
L. Hot-house	S. Dime
K. Halfway	T. Soft





# Over the Back Fence

## **What Have We Done to Christmas?**

How frequently we have heard it said with variations, "Thank goodness, Christmas comes but once a year." Does such an attitude not indicate that we have done something dreadful to the blessed season which is intended as a celebration of the birth of our Lord?

Intended as a time of peace it has fallen too often in a time of man-made war.

With an atmosphere which suggests quiet meditation we have turned it into a nightmare of breathless hurry.

Begun on a note of good will, it now resounds with echoes of animosity in the hearts of driven bargain hunters, harried clerks, and overburdened postmen.

Gift giving out of love and appreciation has become too often a debt-incurring struggle to buy something "appropriate" for everybody under the sun.

Is it not time that all of us pause a bit and let Christmas do something to us? *Hearthstone* has tried in this issue and will continue to try to help its readers in the struggle to "let Christmas have its way" with them.

## **Whose Responsibility?**

The papers were filled during 1951 with shocking stories about the use of narcotic drugs by our young people. Some users in Chicago reported that more than half their friends and acquaintances used narcotics in some form. That of course is impossible to accept on a general scale, but even at its best the situation is almost inconceivably bad.

A "Town Meeting" radio program discussed this problem on July 10. One of the speakers, George White, district supervisor for New England for the Bureau of Narcotics, made a statement worth our attention. "This is not a police problem. It is the

responsibility of the community, the schools, the churches, and, most of all, the home itself," he said.

What he is really saying is that it is the responsibility of adults, particularly of parents.

It is a fact too often demonstrated to be debatable, that even a small group of parents who are intelligent, fearless, determined, and persistent can clean up flagrant vice conditions in any community, *if they have a mind to do so.*

So, parents, if things are bad where you are, what are you waiting for?

## **Pass the Word Along**

Strange as it may seem there are many thousands of people in the United States who are eligible for Social Security retirement benefits who do not seem to realize it. At least they have not reported the fact of their retirement to their Social Security Office. Perhaps you have a relative or know some person who has recently retired. Pass the word to them to be sure and put it their claim for retirement benefits. They will not be paid automatically. All changes of addresses should also be reported.

## **Farewell, Nancy!**

The assistant editor of *Hearthstone* resigned as of September 1, but this is the first issue in which we have been able to take note of the fact. Her husband was transferred to New York City, and as a family magazine we can only concur in her decision to sever her relations with *Hearthstone* rather than John!

For over a year she has been doing an excellent job in making *Hearthstone* one of the most attractive magazines in its field.

We deeply appreciate your good work Nancy Allen and bid you Godspeed as you enter a new phase of your life's experiences.



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to ask Pilate to do as he w  
for them. "And he answe  
you want me to release for

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**MARK 15**  
to ask Pilate to do as he was  
answered them, "Do you want  
of the Jews?" <sup>10</sup> For he perceiv

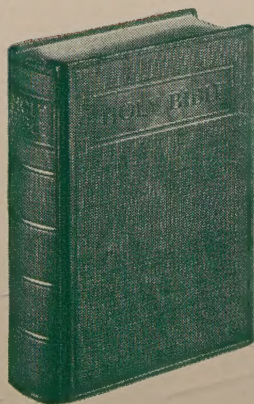
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there went out to him all the count  
people of Jerusalem; and they were  
river Jordan, confessing their sins. <sup>6</sup>

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### I JOHN 4

10 In this the children of God  
are manifest, and the children  
of the devil: whosoever doeth  
not righteousness is not of God,  
neither he that loveth not his  
brother.



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